THE ADVENTURES OF Sir Launcelot Greaves.

By the Author of RODERICK RANDOM.

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THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

Sir Launcelot Greaves.

CHAP. XIII.

In which our Knight is tantalized with a tranſient glimpſe of felicity.

THE ſucceſs of our adventurer, which we have particularized in the laſt chapter, could not fail of inhancing his character, not only among thoſe who knew him, but alſo among the people of the town to whom he was an utter ſtranger. The populace ſurrounded the houſe, and teſtified their approbation in loud

huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inſpired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to purſue his footſteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet, and his friend the lawyer, could not help conceiving an affection, and even a profound eſteem, for the exalted virtue, the perſon, and the accompliſhments of the knight, daſhed as they were with a mixture of extravagance and inſanity. Even Sir Launcelot himſelf was elevated to an extraordinary degree of ſelf-complacency on the fortunate iſſue of his adventure, and became more and more perſuaded that a knight-errant's profeſſion might be exerciſed, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only perſon of the company who ſeemed unanimated with the general ſatisfaction was Mr. Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reaſon, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madneſs were ſynonimous terms: and that madneſs, though exhibited

in the moſt advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but muſt continue a perverſion of ſenſe to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impreſſion which the brain of his uncle had ſuſtained, from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had ſo lately operated; and began to fear it would be, in a little time, quite neceſſary to have recourſe to a commiſſion of lunacy, which might not only diſgrace the family of the Crowes, but alſo tend to invalidate the ſettlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with theſe cogitations, Mr. Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad conſequences that would attend his uncle's perſeverance in the execution of a ſcheme ſo foreign to his faculties; and intreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpoſe, either by arguments or authority; as, of all mankind, the

knight alone had gained ſuch an aſcendency over his ſpirit, that he would liſten to his exhortations with reſpect and ſubmiſſion. Our adventurer was not ſo mad, but that he ſaw and owned the rationality of theſe remarks. He readily undertook to employ all his influence with Crowe to diſſuade him from his extravagant deſign; and ſeized the firſt opportunity of being alone with the captain, to ſignify his ſentiments on this ſubject. "Captain Crowe (ſaid he), you are then determined to proceed in the courſe of knight-errantry?" "I am, (replied the ſeaman) with God's help, d'ye ſee, and the aſſiſtance of wind and weather—" "What, do'ſt thou talk of wind and weather! (cried the knight, in an elevated tone of affected tranſport:) without the help of Heaven, indeed, we are all vanity, imbecility, weakneſs, and wretchedneſs; but if thou art reſolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee ſo much as whiſper a doubt, a wiſh, an hope, or ſentiment, with reſpect

reſpect to any other obſtacle, which wind or weather, fire or water, ſword or famine, danger or diſappointment, may throw in the way of thy career. —When the duty of thy profeſſion calls, thou muſt ſingly ruſh upon innumerable hoſts of armed men: thou muſt ſtorm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and deſtruction, while, every ſtep thou moveſt, thou art expoſed to the horrible exploſion of ſubterranean mines, which, being ſprung, will whirl thee aloft in air, a mangled corſe, to feed the fowls of heaven. Thou muſt leap into the abyſs of diſmal caves and caverns, replete with poiſonous toads and hiſſing ſerpents. Thou muſt plunge into ſeas of burning ſulphur: thou muſt launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountain high, when the lightning flaſhes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempeſt blows, as if it would commix the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus

involved, thou muſt turn thy prow full againſt the fury of the ſtorm, and ſtem the boiſterous ſurge to thy deſtined port, though at the diſtance of a thouſand leagues—thou muſt."—

"Avaſt, avaſt, brother, (exclaimed the impatient Crowe) you've got into the high latitudes, d'ye ſee: —if ſo be as you ſpank it away at that rate, adad, I can't continue in tow—we muſt caſt off the rope, or 'ware timbers.——As for your 'oſts and breeches, and hurling aloft, d'ye ſee, your caves and caverns, whiſtling tuoads and ſerpents, burning brimſtone and foaming billows, we muſt take our hap; I value 'em not a rotten ratline:—but, as for ſailing in the wind's eye, brother, you muſt give me leave—no offence, I hope——I pretend to be a thorough-bred ſeaman, d'ye ſee—and I'll be damned if you, or e'er an arrant that broke biſcuit ever ſailed in a three-maſt veſſel within five points of the wind, allowing for variation and lee-way.——No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon tra-

travellers—I a'n't now to learn my compaſs." "Tricks! (cried the knight, ſtarting up, and laying his hand on the pummel of his ſword) what! ſuſpect my honour!"

Crowe, ſuppoſing him to be really incenſed, interrupted him with great earneſtneſs, ſaying, "Nay, don't—what a-pize!——adds-buntlines!—I did'n't go to give you the lie, brother, ſmite my limbs: I only ſaid as how to ſail in the wind's eye was impoſſible." "And I ſay unto thee, (reſumed the knight) nothing is impoſſible to a true knight-errant, inſpired and animated by love." "And I ſay unto thee, (hollowed Crowe) if ſo be as how love pretends to turn his hawſe-holes to the wind, he's no ſeaman d'ye ſee, but a ſnotty-noſe lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capſtan——a-don't." "He that does not believe that love is an infallible pilot, muſt not embark upon the voyage of chivalry; for, next to the protection of Heaven, it is from love that the knight derives all his proweſs

and glory. The bare name of his miſtreſs invigorates his arm; the remembrance of her beauty infuſes in his breaſt the moſt heroic ſentiments of courage, while the idea of her chaſtity hedges him round like a charm, and renders him invulnerable to the ſword of his antagoniſt. A knight without a miſtreſs is a mere non-entity, or at leaſt a monſter in nature, a pilot without compaſs, a ſhip without rudder, and muſt be driven to and fro upon the waves of diſcomfiture and diſgrace." "An that be all, (replied the ſailor) I told you before as how I've got a ſweet-heart, as true a hearted girl as ever ſwung in canvas.—What tho'f ſhe may have ſtarted a hoop in rolling—that ſignifies nothing—I'll warrant her tight as a nut-ſhell." "She muſt, in your opinion, be a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as you have given up the laſt, you muſt uphold her charms unequalled, and her perſon without a parallel." "I do, I do uphold ſhe will ſail upon a paral-

parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was rigged to the northward of fifty." "At that rate ſhe muſt rival the attractions of her whom I adore, but that, I ſay, is impoſſible: the perfections of my Aurelia are altogether ſupernatural; and as two ſuns cannot ſhine together in the ſame ſphere with equal ſplendor, ſo I affirm, and will prove with my body, that your miſtreſs, in compariſon with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian ſun, a ruſh-light to the full moon, or a ſtale mackerel's eye to a pearl of orient." "Harkye, brother, you might give good words, however: an we once fall a-jawing, d'ye ſee, I can heave out as much bilge-water as another; and ſince you beſmear my ſweetheart Beſſelia, I can as well bedaub your miſtreſs Aurelia, whom I value no more than old junk, pork-fluſh, or ſtinking ſtockfiſh." "Enough, enough—ſuch blaſphemy ſhall not paſs unchaſtiſed. In conſideration of our having fed from the ſame table, and maintained togèther a friendly, tho' ſhort intercourſe, I

will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the firſt great town, where you can be furniſhed with horſe and harneſſing, with arms offenſive and defenſive: provide a truſty ſquire, aſſume a motto and device—declare yourſelf a ſon of chivalry; and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I ſhall fetch a compaſs,; and whereſoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat, that ſhall decide and determine this diſpute."

So ſaying, our adventurer ſtalked with great ſolemnity into another apartment; while Crowe, being ſufficiently irritated, ſnapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honeſt Crowe thought himſelf ſcurvily uſed by a man whom he had cultivated with ſuch humility of veneration; and, after an incoherent ejaculation of ſea-oaths, went in queſt of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky tranſaction.

In the mean time Sir Launcelot, having ordered ſupper, retired into his

his own chamber, and gave a looſe to the moſt tender emotions of his heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the courſe of his correſpondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered, with horror, the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment, ſo unſuitable to the whole tenour of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr. Clarke, with equal eagerneſs and aſtoniſhment; and was ſeized with the moſt ardent deſire of unravelling a myſtery ſo intereſting to the predominant paſſion of his heart. ——All theſe mingled conſiderations produced a kind of ferment in the œconomy of his mind, which ſubſided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his ſquire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his noſe, and ſtood before

him without ſpeaking. When the knight aſked whoſe livery was that he wore, he replied, "'Tis your honour's own livery:—I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the ſcore." Then he proceeded to inform his maſter, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, inſiſted upon having for their ſupper the victuals which Sir Launcelot had beſpoke; and that he, the ſquire, objecting to the propoſal, one of them had ſeized the poker, and baſted him with his own blood; that when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his maſter, they curſed and abuſed him, calling him Sancho Panza, and ſuch dogs names; and bade him tell his maſter Don Quickſot, that, if he made any noiſe, they would confine him to his cage, and lie with his miſtreſs Dulcinea. "To be ſure, Sir, (ſaid he) they thought you as great a nincompoop as your ſquire—trim tram, like maſter, like man;——but I hope as how

how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver."

"Miſcreant! (cried the knight) you have provoked the gentlemen with your impertinence, and they have chaſtiſed you as you deſerve. I tell thee, Crabſhaw, they have ſaved me the trouble of puniſhing thee with my own hands; and well it is for thee, ſinner as thou art, that they themſelves have performed the office: for, had they complained to me of thy inſolence and ruſticity, by Heaven! I would have made thee an example to all the impudent ſquires upon the face of the earth. Hence then, avaunt, caitif.——Let his majeſty's officers, who are perhaps fatigued with hard duty in the ſervice of their country, comfort themſelves with the ſupper which was intended for me, and leave me undiſturbed to my own meditations."

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himſelf, that thence-forward he ſhould

ſhould let every cuckold wear his own horns; but he could not help entertaining ſome doubts with reſpect to the courage of his maſter, who, he ſuppoſed, was one of thoſe Hectors who have their fighting days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a ſlight repaſt, retired to his repoſe; and had for ſome time enjoyed a very agreeable ſlumber, when he was ſtartled by a knocking at his chamber-door. "I beg your honour's pardon, (ſaid the landlady) but there are two uncivil perſons in the kitchen, who have well nigh turned my whole houſe topſy-turvy. Not contented with laying violent hands on your honour's ſupper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are juſt arrived, and have called for a poſt-chaiſe to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber-door to get out—and the young lawyer is like to be murdered for taking the ladies part."

Sir

Sir Launcelot, though he refuſed to take notice of the inſult which had been offered to himſelf, no ſooner heard of the diſtreſs of the ladies than he ſtarted up, huddled on his cloaths, and, girding his ſword to his loins, advanced with a deliberate pace to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young men dreſſed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great inſolence and contempt. Tom was endeavouring to perſuade them, that, in the conſtitution of England, the military was always ſubſervient to the civil power; and that their behaviour to a couple of helpleſs young women was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expreſly contrary to the law, inaſmuch as they might be ſued for an aſſault on an action of damages.

To this remonſtrance the two heroes in red replied by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in ſome pain for

for his ears. While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honeſt Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other anſwer than a loud ſhriek. Our adventurer advancing to this uncivil champion, accoſted him thus in a grave and ſolemn tone: "Aſſuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own ſenſes, that perſons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majeſty's honourable commiſſion in the army, could behave ſo wide of the decorum due to ſociety, of a proper reſpect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair-ſex, which ought to prevail in the breaſt of every gentleman, and which in particular dignifies the character of a ſoldier. To whom ſhall that weaker tho' more amiable part of the creation, fly for protection, if they are inſulted and outraged by thoſe whoſe more immediate

diate duty is it to afford them ſecurity and defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a public inn, which may be deemed a temple ſacred to hoſpitality, to diſturb the quiet of your fellow-gueſts, ſome of them perhaps exhauſted by fatigue, ſome of them invaded by diſtemper, to interrupt the king's lieges in their courſe of journeying upon their lawful occaſions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity, could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpleſs young ladies travelling no doubt upon ſome cruel emergency, which compels them unattended to encounter in the night the dangers of the highway."

"Heark ye, Don Bethlem, (ſaid the captain, ſtrutting up and cocking his hat in the face of our adventurer) you may be as mad as e'er a ſtraw-crowned monarch in Moorfields, for aught I care; but damme! don't you be ſaucy, otherwiſe I ſhall dub your worſhip

worſhip with a good ſtick acroſs your ſhoulders." "How! petulant boy (cried the knight) ſince you are ſo ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a leſſon that you ſhall not eaſily forget." So ſaying, he unſheathed his ſword, and called upon the ſoldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have ſeen the phyſiognomy of a ſtockholder at Jonathan's when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bard when accoſted by a bailiff, or the countenance of an alderman when his banker ſtops payment; if he has ſeen either of theſe phænomena, he may conceive the appearance that was now exhibited by the viſage of the ferocious captain, when the naked ſword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes: far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconſcionable length, he ſtood motianleſs as a ſtatue, ſtaring with the moſt ghaſtly look of terror and aſtoniſhment. His companion, who partook of his panic, ſeeing matters brought

brought to a very ſerious criſis, interpoſed with a creſt fallen countenance, aſſuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they done was intirely for the ſake of the frolick.

"By ſuch frolicks (cried the knight) you become nuiſances to ſociety, bring yourſelves into contempt, and diſgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the obſervation, that cruelty always reſides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compaſſion; and as you are probably of good families, I muſt inſiſt upon this young man's drawing his ſword, and acquitting himſelf in ſuch a manner as may ſcreen him from the moſt infamous cenſure which an officer can undergo." "Lack a day, Sir (ſaid the other) we are no officers, but 'prentices to two London haberdaſhers, travellers for orders. Captain is a good travelling name, and we have dreſſed ourſelves like officers to procure more reſpect upon the road."

The

The knight ſaid he was very glad, for the honour of the ſervice, to find they were impoſtors; tho' they deſerved to be chaſtiſed for arrogating to themſelves an honourable character, which they had not ſpirit to ſuſtain.

Theſe words were ſcarce pronounced, when Mr. Clarke approaching one of the bravadoes, who had threatened to crop his ears, beſtowed ſuch a benediction on his jaw, as he could not receive without immediate humiliation; while Timothy Crabſhaw, ſmarting from his broken-head and his want of ſupper, ſaluted the other with a Yorkſhire hug, that layed him acroſs the body of his companion. In a word, the two pſeudo-officers were very roughly handled for their preſumption in pretending to act characters for which they were ſo ill qualified.

While Clarke and Crabſhaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies paſſed through the kitchen ſo ſuddenly, that the knight had only a tranſient glimpſe of their backs,

backs, and they diſappeared before he could poſſibly make a tender of his ſervices. The truth is, they dreaded nothing ſo much as their being diſcovered, and took the firſt opportunity of gliding into the chaiſe, which had been for ſome time waiting in the paſſage.

Mr. Clarke was much more diſconcerted than our adventurer, by their ſudden eſcape. He ran with great eagerneſs to the door, and, perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, ſaying, "Lord bleſs my ſoul, Sir, didn't you ſee who it was?" "Hah! how! (exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm) who was it?" "One of them (replied the lawyer) was Dolly, our old landlady's daughter at the Black Lyon.—I knew her when firſt ſhe lighted, notwithſtanding her being neatly dreſſed in a green joſeph, which, I'll aſſure you, Sir, becomes her remarkably well.—I'd never deſire to ſee a prettier creature. As for the other, ſhe's a very genteel woman; but whether old or young, ugly

ugly or handſome, I can't pretend to ſay; for ſhe was maſqued.—I had juſt time to ſalute Dolly, and aſk a few queſtions;—but all ſhe could tell me was, that the maſqued lady's name was Miſs Meadows; and that ſhe, Dolly, was hired as her waiting-woman."

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whoſe ſpirits had been in violent commotion, became ſuddenly calm and ſerene, and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had paſſed between him and captain Crowe, when the hoſteſs, addreſſing herſelf to our errant, "Well, (ſaid ſhe) I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the firſt faſhion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handſome; but ſuch a miracle as Miſs Meadows I never yet did ſee. Lord, let me never thrive but I think ſhe is of ſomething more than a human creature.—O, had your honour but ſet eyes on her, you would have

ſaid

ſaid it was a viſion from Heaven, a cherubim of beauty:—for my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream:—then ſo meek, ſo mild, ſo good-natured and generous! I ſay, bleſſed is the young woman who tends upon ſuch a heavenly creature:—and poor dear young lady! ſhe ſeems to be under grief and affliction; for the tears ſtole down her lovely cheeks, and looked for all the world like orient pearl."

Sir Launcelot liſtened attentively to the deſcription, which reminded him of his dear Aurelia, and, ſighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAP. XIV.

Which ſhews,
That a man cannot always ſip,
When the cup is at his lip.

THOSE who have felt the doubts, the jealouſies, the reſentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the deſpair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite diſquiets of love, will be able

able to conceive the ſea of agitation on which our adventurer was toſſed all night long, without repoſe or intermiſſion. Sometimes he reſolved to employ all his induſtry and addreſs in diſcovering the place in which Aurelia was ſequeſtred, that he might reſcue her from the ſuppoſed reſtraint to which ſhe had been ſubjected. But, when his heart beat high with the anticipation of this exploit, he was ſuddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked, by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and ſigned by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and firſt unſettled his underſtanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were ſo ſtrong, that he leaped from the bed, and, the fire being ſtill burning in the chimney, lighted a candle, that he might once more banquet his ſpleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miſs Darnel's mother, he kept in a ſmall box, carefully depoſited within his portmanteau. This being inſtantly unlocked,

unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in theſe words:

"Sir, Obliged as I am by the paſſion you profeſs, and the eagerneſs with which you endeavour to give me the moſt convincing proof of your regard, I feel ſome reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumſtance, which, in all probability, you will not learn without ſome diſquiet. But the affair is become ſo intereſting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your propoſals may have been to thoſe whom I thought it my duty to pleaſe by every reaſonable conceſſion, and howſoever you may have been flattered by the ſeeming complacency with which I have heard your addreſſes, I now find it abſolutely neceſſary to ſpeak in a deciſive ſtrain, to aſſure you, that, without ſacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correſpondence; and that your regard for me will be beſt ſhewn by your deſiſting from a pur-

ſuit, which is altogether inconſiſtent with the happineſs of

AURELIA DARNEL."

Having pronounced aloud the words that compoſed this diſmiſſion, he haſtily replaced the cruel ſcroll; and, being too well acquainted with the hand to harbour the leaſt doubt of its being genuine, threw himſelf into his bed in a tranſport of deſpair, mingled with reſentment; during the predominancy of which, he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to forget the unkindneſs of his miſtreſs, amidſt the avocations of knight-errantry. Such was the reſolution that governed his thoughts, when he roſe in the morning, ordered Crabſhaw to ſaddle Bronzomarte, and demanded a bill of his expence. Before theſe orders could be executed, the good woman of the houſe, entering his apartment, told him, with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miſs Meadows, had dropped her pocket-

pocket-book in the next chamber, where it was found by the hoſteſs, who now preſented it unopened.

Our knight, having called in Mrs. Oakley and her ſon as witneſſes, unfolded the book, without reading one ſyllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving, at once, that the loſs of this treaſure might be attended with the moſt embarraſſing conſequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a caſe which demanded the immediate interpoſition and aſſiſtance of chivalry, he declared, that he himſelf would convey it ſafely into the hands of Miſs Meadows; and deſired to know the road ſhe had purſued, that he might ſet out in queſt of her, without a moment's delay. It was not without ſome difficulty that this information was obtained from the poſt-boy, who had been enjoined ſecrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handſome reward for his promiſed diſcretion. The ſame method was uſed to make him

diſgorge his truſt: he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a poſt-chaiſe for diſpatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his ſquire to follow his tract with the horſes.

Yet, whatever haſte he made, it is abſolutely neceſſary for the reader's ſatisfaction, that we ſhould outſtrip the chaiſe, and viſit the ladies before his arrival. We ſhall therefore, without circumlocution, premiſe, that Miſs Meadows was no other than that paragon of beauty and goodneſs, the all-accompliſhed Miſs Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekneſs of reſignation peculiar to herſelf, for ſome years ſubmitted to every ſpecies of oppreſſion which her uncle's tyranny of diſpoſition could plan, and his unlimited power of guardianſhip execute, till, at length, it roſe to ſuch a pitch of deſpotiſm as ſhe could not endure. He had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, Eſq; a young man who poſſeſſed a pretty conſiderable eſtate in the North Country;

Country; who liked Aurelia's perſon, but was enamoured of her fortune, and had offered to purchaſe Anthony's intereſt and alliance with certain conceſſions, which could not but be agreeable to a man of looſe principles, who would have found it a difficult taſk to ſettle the accounts of his wardſhip.

According to the preſent eſtimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance as a future ſon-in-law in any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, ſtraight, and muſcular, with a fair, ſleek, unmeaning face, that promiſed more ſimplicity than ill-nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an eſtate of five thouſand a year. Miſs Darnel, however, had penetration enough to diſcover and deſpiſe him as a ſtrange compoſition of rapacity and profuſion, abſurdity and good-ſenſe, baſhfulneſs and impudence, ſelf-conceit and diffidence, aukwardneſs and oſtentation, inſolence and good-nature, raſhneſs and timidity. He was continually ſur-

rounded and preyed upon by certain vermin called led-captains and buffoons, who ſhewed him in leading-ſtrings like a ſucking giant, rifled his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and expoſed him in a thouſand ludicrous attitudes for the diverſion of the public; while, all the time, he knew their knavery, ſaw their drift, deteſted their morals, and deſpiſed their underſtanding. He was ſo infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather ſuffered himſelf to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a bridge alone; and involved himſelf in a thouſand difficulties, the natural conſequences of an error in the firſt concoction, which, though he plainly ſaw it, he had not reſolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of ſquire Sycamore, who profeſſed himſelf the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miſs Aurelia Darnel. He had

had in this purſuit perſevered with more conſtancy and fortitude, than he ever exerted in any other inſtance. Being generally needy, from extravagance, he was ſtimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully inſtigated by his followers, who hoped to ſhare the ſpoils of his ſucceſs. Theſe motives were reinforced by the inceſſant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel, who, ſeeing his ward in the laſt year of her minority, thought there was no time to be loſt in ſecuring his own indemnification, and ſnatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animoſity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonſtrances, proof againſt ill-uſage, and reſolutely averſe to the propoſed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his conſtancy and moral character; and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and inſtances of his diſtraction, whlch he particularized

with the moſt malicious exaggerations.

In ſpite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to ſurmount her objections to the purpoſed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Inſtead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he reſolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would inveſt him with the uncontrouled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in conſequence of which he hoped to obtain a commiſſion, to ſecure a jury to his wiſh, and be appointed ſole committee of her perſon, as well as ſteward on her eſtate, of which he would then be heir apparent. As the firſt ſteps towards the execution of this honeſt ſcheme, he had ſubjected Aurelia to the ſuperintendency and direction of an old duenna, who had been formerly the procureſs of his pleaſures; and hired a new ſet of ſervants, who were given to underſtand, at their firſt admiſſion, that the young lady was diſordered in her brain.

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An impreſſion of this nature is eaſily preſerved among ſervants, when the maſter of the family thinks his intereſt is concerned in ſupporting the impoſture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the vivacity of her reſentment under ill-uſage, were, by the addreſs of Anthony, and the prepoſſeſſion of his domeſticks, perverted into the effects of inſanity; and the ſame interpretation was ſtrained upon her moſt indifferent words and actions. The tydings of Miſs Darnel's diſorder were carefully circulated in whiſpers, and ſoon reached the ears of Mr. Sycamore, who was not at all pleaſed with the information. From his knowledge of Anthony's diſpoſition, he ſuſpected the truth of the report; and unwilling to ſee ſuch a prize raviſhed, as it were, from his graſp, he, with the advice and aſſiſtance of his myrmidons, reſolved to ſet the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage: for he argued in this manner: "If ſhe is in fact *compos mentis*, her

gratitude will opetate in my behalf, and even prudence will adviſe her to embrace the proffered aſylum from the villany of her uncle. If ſhe is really diſordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into a marriage, and then I become her truſtee of courſe."

The plan was well conceived; but Sycamore had not diſcretion enough to keep his own counſel. From weakneſs and vanity, he blabbed the deſign, which in a little time was communicated to Anthony Darnel; and he took his precautions accordingly. Being infirm in his own perſon, and conſequently unfit for oppoſing the violence of ſome deſperadoes, whom he knew to be the ſatellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the houſe of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had impoſed upon with the fiction of her being diſordered in her underſtanding, and amuſed with a ſtory of a dangerous deſign upon her perſon. Thus cautioned and

in-

inſtructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and ſervants to receive Aurelia and her governante at a third houſe, to which ſhe had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation; and in this journey it was, that ſhe had been ſo accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interpoſition and proweſs of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, ſhe recognized his features as he paſſed the coach, and, ſtruck with the apparition, ſhrieked aloud. She had been aſſured by her guardian, that his deſign was to convey her to her own houſe; but perceiving, in the ſequel, that the carriage ſtruck off upon a different road, and finding herſelf in the hands of ſtrangers, ſhe began to dread a much more diſagreeable fate, and conceive doubts and ideas that filled her tender heart with horror and affliction. When ſhe expoſtulated with the duenna, ſhe was treated like a changeling, admoniſhed to be quiet, and reminded that

ſhe was under the direction of thoſe who would manage her with a tender regard to her own welfare, and the honour of her family. When ſhe addreſſed herſelf to the old gentleman, who was not much ſubject to the emotions of humanity, and beſides firmly perſuaded that ſhe was deprived of her reaſon, he made no anſwer; but laid his finger on his mouth, by way of enjoining ſilence.

This myſterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor hapleſs young lady; and her terrors waxed ſo ſtrong, that when ſhe ſaw Tom Clarke, whoſe face ſhe knew, ſhe called aloud for aſſiſtance, and even pronounced the name of his patron Sir Launcelot Greaves, which ſhe imagined might ſtimulate him the more to attempt ſomething for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miſcarried. Miſs Darnel's new keeper having, in the courſe of his journey, halted for refreſhment at the Black Lyon, of which

which being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were intirely devoted to his will and pleaſure. Aurelia found an opportunity of ſpeaking in private to Dolly, who had a very prepoſſeſſing appearance. She conveyed a purſe of money into the hands of this young woman, telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that ſhe was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as ſhe apprehended, of aſſaſſination. This hint, which ſhe communicated in a whiſper, while the governante ſtood at the other end of the room, was ſufficient to intereſt the compaſſionate Dolly in her behalf. As ſoon as the coach departed, ſhe made her mother acquainted with the tranſaction; and as they naturally concluded that the young lady expected their aſſiſtance, they reſolved to approve themſelves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having inliſted in their deſign a truſty countryman, one of her own profeſſed admirers, they ſet out together for the houſe of the gentleman in which

which the fair priſoner was confined, and waited for her in ſecret at the end of a pleaſant park, in which they naturally concluded ſhe might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event juſtified their conception: on the very firſt day of their watch they ſaw her approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horſes to a ſtake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horſes, one of which ſhe mounted in the utmoſt hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord, prepared for the purpoſe, gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then he mounted before Dolly, and through unfrequented paths conducted his charge to an inn on the poſt-road, where a chaiſe was ready for their reception.

As he refuſed to proceed farther, leſt his abſence from his own home ſhould

ſhould create ſuſpicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally; but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who, indeed, had no inclination to be diſcharged: ſuch an affection and attachment had ſhe already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though ſhe knew neither her ſtory, nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and aſſumed the fictitious appellation of Meadows, until ſhe ſhould be better acquainted with the diſpoſition and diſcretion of her new attendant. The firſt reſolution ſhe could take in the preſent flutter of her ſpirits, was to make the beſt of her way to London, where ſhe thought ſhe might find an aſylum in the houſe of a female relation, married to an eminent phyſician, known by the name of Kawdle. In the execution of this haſty reſolve, ſhe travelled at a violent rate, from ſtage to ſtage, in a carriage drawn by four horſes, without halting for neceſſary refreſhment or repoſe, until ſhe judged herſelf out of danger of being overtaken. As ſhe appeared overwhelmed

whelmed with grief and conſternation the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her diſtreſs with diverting diſcourſe; and, among other leſs intereſting ſtories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and captain Crowe, which ſhe had ſeen and heard recited while they remained at the Black Lyon: nor did ſhe fail to introduce Mr. Thomas Clarke, in her narrative, with ſuch a favourable repreſentation of his perſon and character, as plainly diſcovered that her own heart had received a rude ſhock from the irreſiſtible force of his qualifications.

The hiſtory of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, diſtracted as her ideas muſt have been by the circumſtances of her preſent ſituation. The particulars of his conduct, ſince the correſpondence between her and him had ceaſed, ſhe heard with equal concern and aſtoniſhment; for, how far ſoever ſhe deemed herſelf detached from all poſſibility

poſſibility of future connexion with that young gentleman, ſhe was not made of ſuch indifferent ſtuff, as to learn without emotion the calamitous diſorder of an accompliſhed youth, whoſe axtraordinary virtues ſhe could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the poſt-road, taken precautions to conceal their route, and made ſuch progreſs, that they were now within one day's journey of London, the careful and affectionate Dolly ſeeing her dear lady quite exhauſted with fatigue, uſed all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears that flowed from the heart, in perſuading Aurelia to enjoy ſome repoſe; and ſo far ſhe ſucceeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This receſs from incredible fatigue, was a pauſe that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vaſt labyrinth, in which Aurelia might have been for ever loſt to his inquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which ſucceeded his departure from the White Hart, that Sir Launcelot arrived at the inn, where Miſs Aurelia Darnel had beſpoke a diſh of tea, and a poſt-chaiſe for the next ſtage. He had, by inquiry, traced her a conſiderable way, without ever dreaming who the perſon really was whom he thus purſued, and now he deſired to ſpeak with her attendant. Dolly was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whoſe character ſhe had conceived a very ſublime idea, from the narrative of Mr Thomas Clarke; but ſhe was ſtill more ſurpriſed when he gave her to underſtand, that he had charged himſelf with the pocket-book, containing the bank-notes, which Miſs Meadows had dropped in the houſe where they had been threatened with inſult. Miſs Darnel had not yet diſcovered her diſaſter, when her attendant, running into the apartment, preſented the prize, which ſhe had received from our adventurer, with his compliments

pliments to Miſs Meadows, implying a requeſt to be admitted into her preſence, that he might make a perſonal tender of his beſt ſervices.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the amiable Aurelia heard unmoved ſuch a meſſage from a perſon, whom her maid diſcovered to be the very identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whoſe ſtory ſhe had ſo lately related: but as the enſuing ſcene requires freſh attention in the reader, we ſhall defer it till another opportunity, when his ſpirits ſhall be recruited from the fatigue of this chapter.

CHAP. XV.

Exhibiting an interview, which it is to be hoped, will intereſt the curioſity of the reader.

THE mind of the delicate Aurelia was ſtrangely agitated by the intelligence which ſhe received, with her pocket-book, from Dolly. Confounded as ſhe was by the nature of her ſituation, ſhe at once perceived that

that ſhe could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuſe complying with the requeſt of Sir Launcelot; but, in the firſt hurry of her emotion, ſhe directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that ſhe might be excuſed for wearing a maſque at the interview which he deſired, as ſhe had particular reaſons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that diſguiſe. Our adventurer ſubmitted to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunctions of his order, and the duties of humanity; and he was admitted without further preamble. When he entered the room, he could not help being ſtruck with the preſence of Aurelia. Her ſtature was improved ſince he had ſeen her; her ſhape was exquiſitely formed; and ſhe received him with an air of dignity, which impreſſed him with a very ſublime idea of her perſon and character. She was no leſs affected at the ſight of our adventurer, who, though caſed in armour, appeared with his head uncovered; and

and the exerciſe of travelling had thrown ſuch a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expreſſive, that we will venture to ſay, there was not in all England a couple that excelled this amiable pair in perſonal beauty and accompliſhments. Aurelia ſhone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddeſs; and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine poet Arioſto ſays of the prince Zerbino:

Natura il fece e poi ruppe la ſtampa.

'When Nature ſtamp'd him, ſhe the dye deſtroy'd.'

Our adventurer, having made his obeiſance to this ſuppoſed Miſs Meadows, told her, with an air of pleaſantry, that altho' he thought himſelf highly honoured in being admitted to her preſence, and allowed to pay his reſpects to her, as ſuperior beings are adored, unſeen; yet his pleaſure would

would receive a very conſiderable addition, if ſhe would be pleaſed to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpſe of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her maſque, ſaying, with a faultering accent, " I cannot be ſo ungrateful as to deny ſuch a ſmall favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the moſt important obligations."

The unexpected apparition of Miſs Aurelia Darnel, beaming with all the emanations of ripened beauty, bluſhing with all the graces of the moſt lovely confuſion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled tranſport of aſtoniſhment, admiration, affliction, and awe. The colour vaniſhed from his cheeks, and he ſtood gazing upon her, in ſilence, with the moſt emphatic expreſſion of countenance. Aurelia was infected by his diſorder: ſhe began to tremble, and the roſes fluctuated on her face.——

" I cannot

"I cannot forget (ſaid ſhe) that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and that he at the ſame time reſcued from the moſt dreadful death a dear and venerable parent." "Would to heaven ſhe ſtill ſurvived! (cried our adventurer with great emotion.) She was the friend of my youth, the kind patroneſs of my felicity! my guardian angel forſook me when ſhe expired! her laſt injunctions are deep engraven on my heart!"

While he pronounced theſe words ſhe lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes, and, after ſome pauſe, proceeded in a tremulous tone, "I hope, Sir —I hope you have—I ſhould be ſorry —pardon me, Sir, I cannot reflect upon ſuch an intereſting ſubject unmoved—" Here ſhe fetched a deep ſigh, that was accompanied with a flood of tears; while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmoſt eagerneſs of attention. Having recollected herſelf a little, ſhe endeavoured to ſhift the converſation:

ſation: "You have been abroad ſince I had the pleaſure to ſee you—I hope you were agreeably amuſed in your travels." "No, madam, (ſaid our hero, drooping his head) I have been unfortunate." When ſhe, with the moſt enchanting ſweetneſs of benevolence, expreſſed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not paſt remedy; he lifted up his eyes, and fixing them upon her again with a look of tender dejection, "Cut off (ſaid he) from the poſſeſſion of what my ſoul held moſt dear, I wiſhed for death, and was viſited by diſtraction. —I have been abandoned by my reaſon—my youth is for ever blaſted."—

The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more—her knees began to totter: the luſtre vaniſhed from her eyes, and ſhe fainted in the arms of her attendant. Sir Launcelot, arouſed by this circumſtance, aſſiſted Dolly in ſeating her miſtreſs on a couch, where ſhe ſoon recovered, and ſaw the knight on his knees before her. "I am

am ſtill happy (ſaid he) in being able to move your compaſſion, though I have been held unworthy of your eſteem." "Do me juſtice, (ſhe replied:) my beſt eſteem has been always inſeparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves"— "Is it poſſible? (cried our hero) then ſurely I have no reaſon to complain. If I have moved your compaſſion, and poſſeſs your eſteem, I am but one degree ſhort of ſupreme happineſs— that, however, is a gigantic ſtep.— O Miſs Darnel! when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment."—— So ſaying, he gently touched her hand, in order to preſs it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the very individual ring which he had preſented in her mother's preſence, as an interchanged teſtimony of plighted faith. Starting at the well known object, the ſight of which conjured up a ſtrange confuſion of ideas, "This (ſaid he) was once the pledge of ſomething ſtill more cordial than eſteem." Aurelia, bluſhing at

this remark, while her eyes lightened with unuſual vivacity, replied, in a ſeverer tone, "Sir, you beſt know how it loſt its original ſignification." "By heaven! I do not, madam, (exclaimed our adventurer.) With me it was ever held a ſacred idea throned within my heart, cheriſhed with ſuch fervency of regard, with ſuch reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreaſonably pays to thoſe ſainted reliques that conſtitute the object of his adoration—" "And, like thoſe reliques, (anſwered Miſs Darnel) I have been inſenſible of my votary's devotion.—A ſaint I muſt have been, or ſomething more, to know the ſentiments of your heart by inſpiration." "Did I forbear (ſaid he) to expreſs, to repeat, to enforce the dictates of the pureſt paſſion that ever warmed the human breaſt, until I was denied acceſs, and formally diſcarded by that cruel diſmiſſion."—"I muſt beg your pardon, Sir, (cried Aurelia, interrupting him haſtily) I know not what you mean." "That

fatal

fatal ſentence, (ſaid he) if not pronounced by your own lips, at leaſt written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile for ever from the paradiſe of your affection." "I would not (ſhe replied) do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to ſuppoſe him capable of impoſition: but you talk of things to which I am an utter ſtranger.—I have a right, Sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me your breaking off a connection, which—I would—rather wiſh—had never."— "Heaven and earth! what do I hear? (cried our impatient knight) have I not the baleful letter to produce? What elſe but Miſs Darnel's explicit and expreſs declaration could have deſtroyed the ſweeteſt hope that ever cheared my ſoul; could have obliged me to reſign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wiſhed to live; could have filled my boſom with unutterable ſorrow and deſpair; could have even diveſted me of reaſon, and driven me from the ſociety of men, a poor,

forlorn, wandering lunatic, ſuch as you ſee me now proſtrate at your feet; all the bloſſoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?"

Aurelia looking wiſtfully at her lover, "Sir, (ſaid ſhe) you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety! you are impoſed upon, if you have received any ſuch letter: you are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Darnel could be ſo inſenſible, ungrateful, and—inconſtant."

This laſt word ſhe pronounced with ſome heſitation, and a downcaſt look, while her face underwent a total ſuffuſion, and the knight's heart began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion. He eagerly imprinted a kiſs upon her hand, exclaiming, in interrupted phraſe, "Can it be poſſible?—Heaven grant—Sure this is no illuſion.—O, madam!—ſhall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is burſting with a thouſand fond thoughts and preſages. You ſhall ſee that dire paper which hath been the ſource of

all

all my woes—it is the conſtant companion of my travels.—Laſt night I nouriſhed my chagrin with the peruſal of its horrid contents."

Aurelia expreſſed great impatience to view the cruel forgery; for ſuch ſhe aſſured him it muſt be: but he could not gratify her deſire till the arrival of his ſervant with the portmanteau. In the mean time, tea was called. The lovers were ſeated: he looked and languiſhed; ſhe fluſhed and faultered: all was doubt and delirium, fondneſs and flutter. Their mutual diſorder communicated itſelf to the kind-hearted ſympathizing Dolly, who had been witneſs to the interview, and deeply affected with the diſcloſure of the ſcene. Unſpeakable was her ſurprize when ſhe found her miſtreſs Miſs Meadows was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whoſe elogium ſhe had heard ſo eloquently pronounced by her ſweet-heart Mr. Thomas Clarke; a diſcovery which ſtill more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully

at the progreſs of their mutual explanation; and was now ſo diſconcerted, that ſhe ſcarce knew the meaning of the orders ſhe had received. She ſet the kettle on the table, and placed the tea-board on the fire. Her confuſion, by attracting the notice of her miſtreſs, helped to relieve her from her own embarraſſing ſituation. She, with her own delicate hands, rectified the miſtake of Dolly; who ſtill continued to ſob, and ſaid, "Yaw may think, my leady Darnel, as haw I 'aive yeaten hool-cheeſe; but it y'an't ſoa.—I'ſe think, vor maai peart, as how I'aive bean bewitched." Sir Launcelot could not help ſmiling at the ſimplicity of Dolly, whoſe goodneſs of heart and attachment, Aurelia did not fail to extol, as ſoon as her back was turned. It was in conſequence of this commendation, that, the next time ſhe entered the room, our adventurer, for the firſt time, conſidered her face, and ſeemed to be ſtruck with her features. He aſked her ſome queſtions, which ſhe

coul

could not anſwer to his ſatisfaction, applauded her regard for her lady, and aſſured her of his friendſhip and protection. He now begged to know the cauſe that obliged his Aurelia to travel at ſuch a rate, and in ſuch an equipage; and ſhe informed him of thoſe particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

Sir Launcelot glowed with reſentment, when he underſtood how his dear Aurelia had been oppreſſed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether lip, rolled his eyes around, ſtarted from his ſeat, and ſtriding acroſs the room, "I remember (ſaid he) the dying words of her who is now a ſaint in heaven—— "That violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's ſole guardian, will thwart her wiſhes with every obſtacle that brutal reſentment and implacable malice can contrive."—What followed, it would ill become me to repeat: but ſhe concluded with theſe words—"The reſt we muſt leave to the diſpenſations of Providence."—

Was it not Providence that ſent me hither, to guard and protect the injured Aurelia?" Then turning to Miſs Darnel, whoſe eyes ſtreamed with tears, he added, "Yes, divine creature! heaven, careful of your ſafety, and in compaſſion to my ſufferings, hath guided me hither, in this myſterious manner, that I might defend you from violence, and enjoy this tranſition from madneſs to deliberation, from deſpair to felicity." So ſaying, he approached this amiable mourner, this fragrant flower of beauty, glittering with the dew-drops of the morning; this ſweeteſt, and gentleſt, lovelieſt ornament of human nature: he gazed upon her with looks of love ineffable: he ſat down by her; he preſſed her ſoft hand in his; he began to fear that all he ſaw was the flattering viſion of a diſtempered brain. He looked and ſighed; and turning up his eyes to heaven, breathed, in broken murmurs, the chaſte raptures of his ſoul. The tenderneſs of this communication was too

too painful to be long endured. Aurelia induſtriouſly interpoſed other ſubjects of diſcourſe, that his attention might not be dangerouſly overcharged, and the afternoon paſſed inſenſibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind, never more to quit this idol of his ſoul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happineſs was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror; and a ſervant, coming in, ſaid he believed ſome rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. The ſuppoſition of ſuch diſtreſs operated like gunpowder on the diſpoſition of our adventurer, who, without conſidering the ſituation of Aurelia, and indeed without ſeeing, or being capable to think on her, or any other ſubject, for the time being, ran directly to the ſtable, and mounting the firſt horſe which he found ſaddled, iſſued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his ſword. He rode full ſpeed to the ſpot whence the cries

ſeemed to proceed; but they ſounded more remote as he advanced. Nevertheleſs he followed them to a conſiderable diſtance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges; and at laſt came ſo near, that he could plainly diſtinguiſh the voice of his own ſquire, Timothy Crabſhaw, bellowing for mercy, with hideous vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition, he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horſe plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend; but he found it impracticable to diſengage him. It was with ſome difficulty that he himſelf clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmoſt impatience of anxiety, ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate ſquire, and between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left among ſtrangers, unguarded, and alarmed. In the midſt of this emotion, he bethought himſelf of hollowing aloud, that,

that, in caſe he ſhould be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and aſſiſted. He accordingly practiſed this expedient, which was not altogether without effect; for he was immediately anſwered by an old friend, no other than his own ſteed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his maſter's voice, neighed ſtrenuouſly at a ſmall diſtance. The knight, being well acquainted with the ſound, heard with aſtoniſhment; and, advancing in the right direction, found his noble charger faſtened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him; then, laying the reins upon his neck, allowed him to chuſe his own path, in which he began to travel with equal ſteadineſs and expedition. They had not proceeded far when the knight's ears were again ſaluted by the cries of Crabſhaw; which Bronzomarte no ſooner heard than he pricked up his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been ſenſible of the ſquire's diſtreſs, and haſtened to his relief. Sir Launcelot,

notwithſtanding his own diſquiet, could not help obſerving and admiring this generous ſenſibility of his horſe: he began to think himſelf ſome hero of romance mounted upon a winged ſteed, inſpired with reaſon, directed by ſome humane inchanter, who pitied virtue in diſtreſs. All circumſtances conſidered, it is no wonder that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced ſome ſuch delirium. All night he continued the chace; the voice, which was repeated at intervals, ſtill retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the Eaſt, when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miſerable ſquire ſtretched upon the graſs, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the launce ſuſpended at the ſaddle-bow, and the portmanteau ſafely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight, riding up to Crabſhaw, with equal ſurprize and concern, aſked what had brought him there; and

Timothy, after ſome pauſe, during which he ſurveyed his maſter with a rueful aſpect, anſwered, "The devil." "One would imagine, indeed, you had ſome ſuch conveyance, (ſaid Sir Launcelot.) I have followed your cries ſince laſt evening I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, ſay, what damage have you ſuſtained, that you lie in that wretched poſture, and groan ſo diſmally?" "I can't gueſs, (replied the ſquire) if it bean't that mai hoole carcaſe is drilled into oilet hools, and my fleſh pinched into a jelly."——"How! wherefore? (cried the knight)—who were the miſcreants that treated you in ſuch a barbarous manner? Do you know the ruffians?" "I know nothing at all, (anſwered the peeviſh ſquire) but that I was tormented by vive houndred and vifty thouſand legions of devils, and there's an end oon't." "Well, you muſt have a little patience, Crabſhaw—there's a ſalve for every ſore."—"Yaw mought

as

as well tell ma, for every zow there's a zirreverence." "For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your eaſe—Try if you can get up and mount Gilbert, that you may be conveyed to ſome place where you can have proper aſſiſtance. —So—well done—chearly."—

Timothy actually made an effort to riſe; but fell down again, and uttered a diſmal yell. Then his maſter exhorted him to take advantage of a park-wall by which he lay, and raiſe himſelf gradually upon it. Crabſhaw, eying him aſkance, ſaid, by way of reproach, for his not alighting and aſſiſting him in perſon, "Thatch your houſe with t——d, and you'll have more teachers than reachers."—Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made ſhift to ſtand upon his legs; and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert, though not without a world of oh's! and ah's! and other ajaculations of pain and impatience. As they jogged on together, our adventurer

turer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the diſaſter which had befallen the ſquire; but all the information he could obtain amounted to a very imperfect ſketch of the adventure. By dint of a thouſand interrogations he underſtood, that Crabſhaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three perſons on horſeback with Venetian maſques on their faces, which he miſtook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly: that they not only preſented piſtols to his breaſt, and led his horſe out of the highway; but pricked him with goads, and pinched him, from time to time, till he ſcreamed with the torture: that he was led through unfrequented places acroſs the country, ſometimes at an eaſy trot, ſometimes at full gallop, and tormented all night by thoſe hideous dæmons, who vaniſhed at daybreak, and left him lying on the ſpot where he was found by his maſter. This was a myſtery which our hero could by no means unriddle: it was the

the more unaccountable, as the ſquire had not been robbed of his money, horſes, and baggage. He was even diſpoſed to believe, that Crabſhaw's brain was diſordered, and the whole account he had given, no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the poſt-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were covered with blood, and all the reſt of his body ſpeckled with livid marks of contuſion. But he was ſtill more chagrined when the landlord informed him, that he was thirty miles diſtant from the place where he had left Aurelia, and that his way lay through croſs-roads, which were almoſt impaſſable at that ſeaſon of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions that his ſquire ſhould be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable chamber, as he complained more and more; and indeed was ſeized with a fever, occaſioned by the fatigue, the pain, and terror he had undergone.

undergone. A neighbouring apothecary being called, and giving it as his opinion that he could not for ſome days be in a condition to travel, his maſter depoſited a ſum of money in his hands, deſiring he might be properly attended, till he ſhould hear further. Then mounting Bronzomarte, he ſet out with a guide for the place he had left, not without a thouſand fears and perplexities, ariſing from the reflection of having left the jewel of his heart with ſuch precipitation.

CHAP. XVI.

Which, it is to be hoped, the reader will find an agreeable medley of mirth and madneſs, ſenſe and abſurdity.

IT was not without reaſon that our adventurer afflicted himſelf: his fears were but too prophetic. When he alighted at the inn, which he had left ſo abruptly the preceding evening, he ran directly to the apartment where he had been ſo happy in Aurelia's company;

pany; but her he ſaw not—all was ſolitary. Turning to the woman of the houſe, who had followed him into the room, "Where is the lady?" cried he, in a tone of impatience. Mine hoſteſs, ſcrewing up her features into a very demure aſpect, ſaid ſhe ſaw ſo many ladies, ſhe could not pretend to know who he meant. "I tell thee, woman, (exclaimed the knight, in a louder accent) thou never ſaweſt ſuch another—I mean that miracle of beauty—" "Very like, (replied the dame, as ſhe retired to the room-door.) Huſband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty; hi, hi, hi. Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty?—Ola! hi, hi, hi." Inſtead of anſwering this queſtion, the inn-keeper advancing, and ſurveying Sir Launcelot, "Friend, (ſaid he) you are the perſon that carried off my horſe out of the ſtable." "Tell me not of a horſe—where is the young lady?" "Now I will tell you of the horſe, and I'll make you find him too, before you and I part."

"Wretched

"Wretched animal! how dar'ſt thou dally with my impatience?—Speak, or deſpair.—What is become of Miſs Meadows? Say, did ſhe leave this place of her own accord, or was ſhe—hah!—ſpeak—anſwer, or, by the Powers above—" "I'll anſwer you flat—ſhe you call Miſs Meadows is in very good hands—ſo you may make yourſelf eaſy on that ſcore—" "Sacred Heaven! explain your meaning, miſcreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the inſolent publicans of the realm." So ſaying, he ſeized him with one hand, and daſhing him on the floor, ſet one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that proſtrate attitude. The hoſtler and waiter flying to the aſſiſtance of their maſter, our adventurer unſheathed his ſword, declaring he would diſmiſs their ſouls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the ſatisfaction he required.

The hoſteſs, being by this time terrified almoſt out of her ſenſes, fell on her

her knees before him, begging he would ſpare their lives, and promiſing to declare the whole truth. He would not, however, remove his foot from the body of her huſband, until ſhe told him, that, in leſs than half an hour after he had ſallied out upon the ſuppoſed robbers, two chaiſes arrived, each drawn by four horſes: that two men, armed with piſtols, alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady; and, notwithſtanding her ſtruggling and ſhrieking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himſelf her guardian: that the maid was left to the care of a third ſervant, to follow with a third chaiſe, which was got ready with all poſſible diſpatch, while the other two proceeded at full ſpeed on the road to London. It was by this communicative lacquey the people of the houſe were informed, that the old gentleman his maſter was ſquire Darnel, the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy ſharper, who wanted

wanted to make prey of her fortune. The knight, fired even almoſt to frenzy by this intimation, ſpurned the carcaſe of his hoſt; and, his eye gleaming terror, ruſhed into the yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte, and purſue the raviſher, when he was diverted from his purpoſe by a new incident.

One of the poſtilions, who had driven the chaiſe in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that inſtant; when, ſeeing our hero, he ran up to him cap in hand, and, preſenting a letter, accoſted him in theſe words: "Pleaſe your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the Weſt Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman, that I promiſed to deliver into your honour's own hands."

The knight, ſnatching the letter with the utmoſt avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in theſe terms:

"Honoured

" Honoured Sir,

" The man az gi'en me leave to lat yaw knaw my dear leady is going to Loondon with her unkle ſquaire Darnel.——Be not conzarned, honoured Sir, vor I'ſe teake it on mai laife, to let yaw knaw wheare we be zettled, if zo be I can vind wheare you loadge in Loondon.——The man zays yaw may put it in the pooblic prints.——I houp the bareheir will be honeſt enuff to deliver this ſcrowl; and that your honour will pardon

Your umbil ſervannt to command

DOROTHY COWSLIP.

" P. S. Pleaſe my kaind ſarvice to laayer Clarke. Squire Darnel's man is very civil vor ſartain; but I'ave no thoughts on him I'll aſſure yaw.——Marry hap, worſe ware may have a better chap, as the zaying goes."

Nothing

Nothing could be more ſeaſonable than the delivery of this billet; which he had no ſooner peruſed, than his reflection returned, and he entered into a ſerious deliberation with his own heart. He conſidered that Aurelia was by this time far beyond a poſſibility of being overtaken; and that by a precipitate purſuit he ſhould only expoſe his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his miſtreſs, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her ſentiments, by the means of this lacquey, of whom he perceived by the letter ſhe had already made a conqueſt. He therefore reſolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leiſurely to London, and, inſtead of taking any raſh ſtep which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain in ſeeming quiet until ſhe ſhould be ſettled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected, in due time,

time, to receive the moſt intereſting information.

Theſe reflections had an inſtantaneous effect upon our hero, whoſe rage immediately ſubſided, and whoſe viſage gradually reſumed its natural caſt of courteſy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the poſtilion with ſuch a remuneration as ſent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generoſity and immenſe fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next ſtep was to ſee Bronzomarte properly accommodated; then he ordered a refreſhment for himſelf, and retired into an apartment, where mine hoſt with his wife and all the ſervants waited on him, to beſeech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the falſe information they had received from the gentleman's ſervant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the leaſt reſentment againſt ſuch inconſiderable objects. He not only pardoned

doned them without heſitation; but aſſured the landlord he would be accountable for the horſe, which, however, was that ſame evening brought home by a countryman, who had found him pounded as it were within the walls of a ruined cottage. As the knight had been greatly fatigued, without enjoying any reſt for eight and forty hours, he reſolved to indulge himſelf with one night's repoſe, and then return to the place where he had left his ſquire indiſpoſed: for by this time even his concern for Timothy had recurred.

On a candid ſcrutiny of his own heart, he found himſelf much leſs unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia; for, inſtead of being as formerly tormented with the pangs of deſpairing love, which had actually unſettled his underſtanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inſpired the tender breaſt of Aurelia with mutual affection; and though ſhe was invidiouſly ſnatched from his embrace, in the

midſt of ſnch endearments as had wound up his ſoul to extaſy and tranſport, he did not doubt of being able to reſcue her from the power of an inhuman kinſman, whoſe guardianſhip would ſoon of courſe expire; and in the mean time, he reſted with the moſt perfect dependence on her conſtancy and virtue.

As he next day croſſed the country, ruminating on the diſaſter that had befallen his ſquire, and could now compare circumſtances coolly, he eaſily comprehended the whole ſcheme of that adventure, which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emiſſaries, to draw him from the inn where he propoſed to execute his deſign upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted, that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of ſuch information as he received from one ſtage to another; and that, receiving more particulars at the White Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he had formed

ed the ſcheme in which Crabſhaw was an involuntary inſtrument towards the ſeduction of his maſter.

Amuſing himſelf with theſe and other cogitations, our hero in the afternoon reached the place of his deſtination; and entering the inn where Timothy had been left at ſick quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary retiring precipitately in a very unſavoury pickle from the chamber of his patient. When he enquired about the health of his ſquire, this retainer to medicine, wiping himſelf all the while with a napkin, anſwered in manifeſt confuſion, That he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way, from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a moſt furious delirium. Then he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed; and concluded with telling him the poor ſquire's brain was ſo outrageouſly diſordered, that he had rejected all adminiſtration, and juſt thrown an urinal inhis face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he reſolved that Crabſhaw ſhould have the benefit of further advice, and aſked if there was not a phyſician in the place. The apothecary, after ſome interjections of heſitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd ſort of a humouriſt; but he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profeſſion, and was not much uſed to the forms of preſcription. He was counted a ſcholar, to be ſure; but as to his medical capacity,——he would not take upon him to ſay——"No matter, (cried Sir Launcelot) he may ſtrike out ſome lucky thought for the benefit of the patient; and I deſire you will call him inſtantly."——

While the apothecary was abſent on this ſervice, our adventurer took it in his head to queſtion the landlord about the character of this phyſician, which had been ſo unfavourably repreſented, and received the following information:

"For

"For my peart, meaſter, I knows nothing amiſs of the doctor——he's a quiet ſort of an inoffenſive man; uſes my houſe ſometimes, and pays for what he has, like the reſt of my cuſtomers. They ſays he deals very little in phyſic ſtuff, but cures his patients with faſting and water-gruel, whereby he can't expect the pothecary to be his friend. You knows, maſter, one muſt live, and let live, as the ſaying is. I muſt ſay, he, for for the value of three guineas, ſet up my wife's conſtitution in ſuch a manner, that I have ſaved within theſe two years, I believe, forty pounds in pothecary's bills. But what of that? Every man muſt eat, tho'f at another's expence; and I ſhould be in a deadly hole myſelf, if all my cuſtomers ſhould take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel, becauſe it is good for the conſtitution. Thank God, I have as good a conſtitution as e'er a man in England; but for all that, I and my whole family bleed and purge and take a diet-drink

twice a-year, by way of ſerving the pothecary, who is a very honeſt man, and a very good neighbour."

Their converſation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dreſſed remarkably plain; ſeemed to be turned of fifty; had a careleſs air, and a ſarcaſtical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the ſick man's chamber, he aſked ſome queſtions concerning the diſeaſe; and when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, ſaid, "It lies all here;" the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied, "If that be all, there's nothing in it."

Upon a more particular enquiry about the ſymptoms, he was told that the blood was ſeemingly viſcous, and ſalt upon the tongue; the urine remarkably acroſaline; and the fæces atrabilious and fœtid. When the doctor ſaid he would engage to find the ſame phænomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms; the apothecary

thecary added, that the patient was manifeſtly comatous, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and borborygmata.—" A f—t for your borborygmata, (cried the phyſician.) What has been done?" To this queſtion he replied, that venæſection had been three times performed: that a veſicatory had been applied *inter ſcapulas*: that the patient had taken occaſionally of a cathartic apozem, and, between whiles, alexipharmic boluſes and neutral draughts.——" Neutral, indeed, (ſaid the doctor;) ſo neutral, that I'll be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the diſeaſe." So ſaying, he bruſhed into Crabſhaw's chamber, followed by our adventurer, who was almoſt ſuffocated at his firſt entrance. The day was cloſe, the window-ſhutters were faſtened; a huge fire blazed in the chimney; thick harateen curtains were cloſe drawn round the bed, where the wretched ſquire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurſe, who had all the

exteriors of a bawd given to drink, ſat ſtewing in this apartment, like a damned ſoul in ſome infernal bagnio: but riſing, when the company entered, made her curtſies with great decorum. "Well, (ſaid the doctor) how does your patient, nurſe?" "Bleſſed be God for it, I hope in a fair way:——to be ſure his apozem has had a bleſſed effect——five and twenty ſtools ſince three o'clock in the morning.——But then a'would not ſuffer the bliſters to be put upon his thighs.—Good lack! a'has been mortally obſtropolous, and out of his ſenſes all this bleſſed day."——"You lie, (cried the ſquire) I a'n't out of my ſeven ſenſes, thof I'm half mad with vexation."

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapleſs ſquire appeared very pale and ghaſtly; and having ſurveyed his maſter with a rueful aſpect, addreſſed him in theſe words: "Sir knight, I beg a boon: be pleaſed to tie a ſtone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck

neck of the nurſe, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree, and in ſo doing you will do a charitable deed to your fellow-creatures; for he and ſhe do the devil's work in partnerſhip, and have ſent many ſcore of their betters home to him before their time." "Oh, he begins to talk ſenſibly." "Have a good heart, (ſaid the phyſician.) What is your diſorder?" "Phyſick. "What do you chiefly complain of?" "The doctor." "Does your head ake?" "Yea, with impertinence." "Have you a pain in your back?" "Yes, where the bliſter lies." "Are you ſick at ſtomach?" "Yes, with hunger." "Do you feel any ſhiverings?" "Always at ſight of the apothecary." "Do you perceive any load in your bowels?" "I would the apothecary's conſcience was as clear." "Are you thirſty?" "Not thirſty enough to drink barley-water." "Be pleaſed to look into his fauces, (ſaid the apothecary:) he has got a rough tongue,

and a very foul mouth, I'll aſſure you." "I have known that the caſe with ſome limbs of the faculty, where they ſtood more in need of correction than of phyſick.—Well, my honeſt friend, ſince you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and ſay you have no other diſeaſe than the doctor, we will ſet you on your legs again, without further queſtion. Here, nurſe, open that window, and throw theſe vials into the ſtreet. Now lower the curtain, without ſhutting the caſement, that the man may not be ſtifled in his own ſteam. In the next place, take off two thirds of theſe coals, and one third of theſe blankets.—How do'ſt feel now, my heart?" "I ſhould feel heart-whole, if ſo be as yow would throw the noorſe a'ter the bottles, and the pothecary a'ter the noorſe, and oorder me a pound of chops for my dinner; for I be ſo hoongry, I could eat a horſe behind the ſaddle."

The apothecary, ſeeing what paſſed, retired of his own accord, holding

ing up his hands in ſign of aſtoniſhment. The nurſe was diſmiſſed in the ſame breath. Crabſhaw roſe, dreſſed himſelf without aſſiſtance, and made a hearty meal on the firſt eatable that preſented itſelf to his view. The knight paſſed the evening with the phyſician, who, from his firſt appearance, concluded he was mad; but, in the courſe of the converſation, found means to reſign that opinion, without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curioſity. The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty ſarcaſms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a ſort of cynic philoſopher, tinctured with miſanthropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries, whom, however, it was by no means his intereſt to diſoblige.

Next day, Crabſhaw being to all appearance perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, payed the landlord, and ſet out on his return for the London road,

reſolving to lay aſide his armour at ſome diſtance from the metropolis: for, ever ſince his interview with Aurelia, his fondneſs for chivalry had been gradually abating. As the torrent of his deſpair had diſordered the current of his ſober reflection, ſo now, as that deſpair ſubſided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately in their ancient channel. All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happineſs, formed on the poſſeſſion of the incomparable Aurelia; determined to wait with patience, until the law ſhould ſuperſede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the intereſt of his paſſion.

He had for ſome time travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was ſuddenly interrupted by a confuſed noiſe; and when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld at a little diſtance a rabble of men and women, variouſly armed with flails, pitch-forks, poles, and muſkets, acting offenſively againſt a ſtrange figure on horſeback, who,

with

with a kind of lance, laid about him with incredible fury. Our adventurer was not ſo totally abandoned by the ſpirit of chivalry, as to ſee without emotion a ſingle knight in danger of being overpowered by ſuch a multitude of adverſaries. Without ſtaying to put on his helmet, he ordered Crabſhaw to follow him in the charge againſt thoſe plebeians: then couching his lance, and giving Bronzomarte the ſpur, he began his career with ſuch impetuoſity as overturned all that happened to be in his way; and intimidated the rabble to ſuch a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of ſheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil *in propria perſona*. He came in the very nick of time to ſave the life of the other errant, againſt whom three loaded muſkets were actually levelled, at the very inſtant that our adventurer began his charge. The unknown knight was ſo ſenſible of the ſeaſonable interpoſition, that riding up to our hero, "Brother, (ſaid he) this is the

ſecond time you have holp me off, when I was bump aſhore.——Beſs Mizen, I muſt ſay, is no more than a leaky bumboat, in compariſon of the glorious galley you want to man. I deſire that henceforth we may cruiſe in the ſame latitudes, brother; and I'll be damned if I don't ſtand by you as long as I have a ſtick ſtanding, or can carry a rag of canvas."

By this addreſs our knight recognized the novice captain Crowe, who had found means to accommodate himſelf with a very ſtrange ſuit of armour. By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps uſed by the light horſe, with ſtraps buckled under his chin, and contrived in ſuch a manner as to conceal his whole viſage, except the eyes. Inſtead of cuiraſs, mail, greaves, and the other pieces of complete armour, he was caſed in a poſtilion's leathern jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron: his buckler was a potlid, his lance a hop-pole ſhod with iron, and a baſket-hilt broad ſword, like that of Hudibras, depended

ded by a broad buff belt, that girded his middle. His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper. Sir Launcelot would not loſe time in examining particulars, as he perceived ſome miſchief had been done, and that the enemy had rallied at a diſtance: he therefore commanded Crowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedition; but he did not perceive that his ſquire was taken priſoner; nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, Tom Clarke, had been diſabled and ſecured in the beginning of the fray. The truth is, the poor captain had been ſo belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder he remembered his own name.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Containing adventures of chivalry, equally new and surprising.

THE knight Sir Launcelot, and the novice Crowe, retreated with equal order and expedition to the distance of half a league from the field of battle, where the former, halting, proposed to make a lodgment in a very decent house of entertainment, distinguished by the sign of St. George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon, an atchievement in which temporal and spiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two such figures alighting at the inn-gate, did not pass through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the guests and attendants; some of whom fairly took to their heels, on the supposition that these outlandish creatures were the avant couriers, or haralds of a French invasion. The fears and doubts, however, of those who ventured to stay were soon dispelled, when our hero

hero accoſted them in the Engliſh tongue, and with the moſt courteous demeanour deſired to be ſhewn into an apartment. Had captain Crowe been the ſpokeſman, perhaps their ſuſpicions would not have ſo quickly ſubſided; for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry, but alſo in his external appearance, and particularly in thoſe dialects of the Engliſh language which are uſed by the terreſtrial animals of this kingdom. He deſired the hoſtler to take his horſe in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a ſafe riding. He ordered the waiter, who ſhewed them into a parlour, to bear-a-hand, ſhip his oars, mind his helm, and bring along-ſide a ſhort allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a ſlug into his bread-room; for there was ſuch a heaving and pitching, that he believed he ſhould ſhift his ballaſt. The fellow underſtood no part of this addreſs but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he diſappeared.

Then

Then Crowe, throwing himſelf into an elbow-chair, "Stop my hawſe-holes, (cried he) I can't think what's the matter, brother; but, agad, my head ſings and ſimmers like a pot of chowder.——My eye-ſight yaws to and again, d'ye ſee:——then there's ſuch a walloping and whuſhing in my hold—ſmite my—Lord have mercy upon us.—Here you ſwab, ne'er mind a glaſs—hand me the noggin."

The latter part of this addreſs was directed to the waiter, who had returned with a quartern of brandy, which Crowe, ſnatching eagerly, ſtarted into his bread-room at one cant. Indeed there was no time to be loſt, inaſmuch as he ſeemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he ſwallowed this cordial, by which he was inſtantaneouſly revived. He then deſired the ſervant to unbuckle the ſtraps of his helmet; but this was a taſk which the drawer could not perform, even though aſſiſted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot: for the head and jaws were

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ſo much ſwelled with the diſcipline they had undergone, that the ſtraps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts. Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring ſurgeon paſſed by the door on horſeback; a circumſtance which the waiter, who ſaw him from the window, no ſooner diſcloſed, thanthe knight had recourſe to his aſſiſtance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in ſilent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulſe; and then declared, that as the inflammation was very great, and going on with violence to its *akme*, it would be neceſſary to begin with copious phlebotomy, and then to empty the inteſtinal canal. So ſaying, he began to ſtrip the arm of the captain, who perceiving his aim, "Avaſt, brother, (cried he) you go the wrong way to work—you may as well rummage the afterhold, when the damage is in the forecaſtle. —I ſhall right again, when my jaws are unhooped." With

With theſe words he drew a claſp-knife from his pocket, and, advancing to a glaſs, applied it ſo vigorouſly to the leather ſtraps of his headpiece, that the Gordian-knot was cut, without any other damage to his face than a moderate ſcarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally ſtrong, and a whole week's growth of a very buſhy beard, produced, on the whole, a moſt hideous caricatura. After all, there was a neceſſity for the adminiſtration of the ſurgeon, who found divers contuſions on different parts of the ſkull, which even the tin-cap had not been able to protect from the weapons of the ruſticks.

Theſe being ſhaved, and dreſſed *ſecundum artem*, and the operator diſmiſſed with a proper acknowledgment, our knight detached one of the poſt-boys to the field of action for intelligence, concerning Mr. Clarke and ſquire Timothy; and, in the interim, deſired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures

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ſince he parted from him at the White Hart. A connected relation, in plain Engliſh, was what he had little reaſon to expect from the novice, who, nevertheleſs, exerted his faculties to the uttermoſt for his ſatisfaction: he gave him to underſtand, that in ſteering his courſe to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himſelf with tackle, he had fallen in, by accident, at a public houſe, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle: that, ſeeing him do his buſineſs like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice; and the tinker, after having conſidered the ſubject, had undertaken to make him ſuch a ſuit of armour as neither ſword nor lance ſhould penetrate: that they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of tinned iron, the lance, and the broad ſword, were purchaſed, together with a copper ſauce-pan, which the artiſt was now at work upon, in converting it to a ſhield: but, in the mean time, the captain,

captain, being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accommodated himſelf with a pot-lid, and taken to the highway, notwithſtanding all the intreaties, tears, and remonſtrances of his nephew Tom Clarke, who could not however be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had undertaken: that this being but the ſecond day of his journal, he deſcried five or ſix men on horſeback, bearing up full in his teeth; upon which he threw his ſails a-back, and prepared for action: that he hailed them at a conſiderable diſtance, and bad them bring-to: when they came along-ſide, notwithſtanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their corſes, and furl their topſails, otherwiſe he would be foul of their quarters: that, hearing this ſalute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth ſhook in the wind: then he hollowed in a loud voice, that his ſweetheart Beſſelia Mizzen wore the broad pendant of beauty, to which they muſt ſtrike their topſails, on pain of being

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ſent to the bottom: that, after having eyed him for ſome time with aſtoniſhment, they clapped on all their ſails, ſome of them running under his ſtern, and others athwart his forefoot, and got clear off: that, not ſatisfied with running a-head, they all of a ſudden tacked about, and one of them boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him ſuch a drubbing about his upper works, that the lights danced in his lanthorns: that he returned the ſalute with his hoppole ſo effectually, that his aggreſſor broached-to in the twinkling of an hand-ſpike; and then he was engaged with all the reſt of the enemy, except one who ſheered off, and ſoon returned with a moſqueto fleet of ſmall craft, who had done him conſiderable damage, and, in all probability, would have made prize of him, hadn't he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He ſaid, that in the beginning of the conflict Tom Clarke rode up to the foremoſt of the enemy, as he did ſuppoſe, in order

to prevent hoſtilities; but before he got up to him, near enough to hold diſcourſe, he was pooped with a ſea that almoſt ſent him to the bottom, and then towed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had ſcarce finiſhed his narration, which conſiſted of broken hints, and unconnected exploſions of ſea-terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commiſſion of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a conſtable, who had in cuſtody the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabſhaw, ſurrounded by five men on horſeback, and an innumerable poſſe of men, women, and children, on foot. The captain, who always kept a good look out, no ſooner deſcried this cavalcade and proceſſion than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and adviſed that they ſhould crowd away with all the cloth they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion, and determined at any rate to procure the enlargement of the priſoners.

ſoners. The juſtice, ordering his attendants to ſtay without the gate, ſent his compliments to Sir Launcelot Greaves, and deſired to ſpeak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted, and could not help ſtarting at ſight of Crowe, who, by this time, had no remains of the human phyſiognomy, ſo much was the ſwelling increaſed and the ſkin diſcoloured. The gentleman, whoſe name was Mr. Elmy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his buſineſs. He ſaid, information had been lodged with him, as a juſtice of the peace, againſt two armed men on horſeback, who had ſtopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even aſſaulted, maimed, and wounded divers perſons, contrary to the king's peace; and in violation of the ſtatute: that, by the deſcription, he ſuppoſed the knight and his companion to be the perſons againſt whom the complaint had been lodged; and under-

ſtanding his quality from Mr. Clarke, whom he had known in London, he was come to wait on him, and, if poſſible, effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer, having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole ſtory, as it had been juſt related by the captain; and Mr. Elmy had no reaſon to doubt the truth of the narrative, as it confirmed every circumſtance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole hiſtory of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimſical reſolution of his uncle, capt. Crowe. Mr. Elmy now told the knight, that the perſons whom the captain had ſtopped were farmers, returning from a neighbouring market, a ſet of people naturally booriſh, and at that time elevated with ale to an uncommon pitch of inſolence: that one of them, in particular, called Prickle, was the moſt quarrelſome

fellow

fellow in the whole county; and ſo litigious, that he had maintained above thirty law-ſuits, in eight and twenty of which he had been condemned in coſts. He ſaid the others might be eaſily influenced in the way of admonition; but there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law: he therefore propoſed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity, and, his clerk being in attendance, the court was immediately opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr. Clarke had made ſuch good uſe of his time in explaining the law to his audience, and diſplaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his ſentiments the conſtable and the commonalty, tag, rag, and bob-tail, and even ſtaggered the majority of the farmers, who, at firſt, had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake, being firſt called to the bar, and ſworn,

touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves and captain Crowe, declared, that the ſaid Crowe had ſtopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear: that he afterwards ſaw the ſaid Crowe with a pole or weapon, value three pence, breaking the king's peace, by committing aſſault and battery againſt the heads and ſhoulders of his majeſty's liege ſubjects, Geoffrey Prickle, Hodge Dolt, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catherine Rubble, and Margery Litter; and that he ſaw Sir Launcelot Greaves, baronet, aiding, aſſiſting, and comforting the ſaid Crowe, contrary to the king's peace, and againſt the form of the ſtatute.

Being aſked if the defendant, when he ſtopped them, demanded their money, or threatened violence, he anſwered, he could not ſay, inaſmuch as the defendant ſpoke in an unknown language. Being interrogated if the defendant did not allow them to paſs without uſing any violence, and if they did not paſs unmoleſted, the deponent

ponent replied in the affirmative: being required to tell for what reaſon they returned, and if the defendant Crowe was not aſſaulted before he began to uſe his weapon, the deponent made no anſwer. The depoſitions of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken much to the ſame purpoſe; and his worſhip earneſtly exhorted them to an accommodation, obſerving, that they themſelves were in fact the aggreſſors, and that captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himſelf in his own defence.

They were all pretty well diſpoſed to follow his advice, except farmer Prickle, who, entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared, that the law ſhould determine it at next 'ſize; and in the mean time inſiſted, that the defendants ſhould find immediate bail, or go to priſon, or be ſet in the ſtocks. He affirmed, that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons not uſually worn,

to the terror of others, which is in itſelf a breach of the peace: but that they had, moreover, with force of arms, that is to ſay, with ſwords, ſtaves, and other warlike inſtruments, by turns, made an aſſault and *affray*, to the terror and diſturbance of him and divers ſubjects of our lord the king then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of the ſaid lord the king, and againſt the peace of our ſaid lord the king, his crown and dignity.

This peaſant had purchaſed a few law-terms at a conſiderable expence, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr. Elmy, finding him obſtinately deaf to all propoſals of accommodation, held the defendants to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the pariſh freely offering themſelves as ſureties. Mr. Clarke, with Timothy Crabſhaw, againſt whom nothing appeared, were now ſet at liberty; when the former, advancing to his worſhip,

worſhip, gave information againſt Geoffrey Prickle, and declared upon oath, that he had ſeen him aſſault captain Crowe, without any provocation; and when he, the deponent, interpoſed to prevent further miſchief, the ſaid Prickle had likewiſe aſſaulted and wounded him the deponent, and detained him for ſome time in falſe impriſonment, without warrant or authority.

In conſequence of this information, which was corroborated by divers evidences, ſelected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon farmer Prickle, who was given to underſtand, that he muſt either find bail, or be forthwith impriſoned. This *honeſt* boor, who was in opulent circumſtances, had made ſuch popular uſe of the benefits he poſſeſſed, that there was not an houſekeeper in the pariſh who would not have rejoiced to ſee him hanged. His dealings and connections however were ſuch, that none of the other four would have refuſed to bail him, had not Clarke

given them to underſtand, that, if they did, he would make them all principals and parties, and have two ſeparate actions againſt each. Prickle happened to be at variance with the inn-keeper, and the curate durſt not diſoblige the vicar, who at that very time was ſuing the farmer for the ſmall tythes. He offered to depoſit a ſum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail; but this was rejected as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He ſent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good cuſtomer; but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciſeman preſented himſelf as a ſurety; but he not being an houſekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on farmer Prickle, were ſucceſſively refuſed, becauſe they could not prove that they had payed ſcot and lot, and pariſh taxes.

The farmer, finding himſelf thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of viſiting the inſide of a priſon, was

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ſeized with paroxyſm of rage; during which he inveighed againſt the bench, reviled the two adventurers errant, declared that he believed, and would lay a wager of twenty guineas, that he had more money in his pocket than e'er a man in the company; and in the ſpace of a quarter of an hour ſwore forty oaths, which the juſtice did not fail to number. "Before we proceed to other matters, (ſaid Mr. Elmy) I order you to pay forty ſhillings for the oaths you have ſwore; otherwiſe I will cauſe you to be ſet in the ſtocks, without further ceremony."

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the ſum, declared, that he could afford to pay for ſwearing as well as e'er a juſtice in the county; and repeated his challenge of the wager, which our adventurer now accepted, proteſting, at the ſame time that it was not a ſtep taken from any motive of pride, but intirely with a view to puniſh an inſolent plebeian,

who could not otherwiſe be chaſtiſed without a breach of the peace. Twenty guineas being depoſited on each ſide in the hands of Mr. Elmy, Prickle, with equal confidence and diſpatch, produced a canvas bag, containing two hundred and ſeventy pounds, which, being ſpread upon the table, made a very formidable ſhew, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders, and induced many of them to believe he had enſured his conqueſt.

Our adventurer, aſking if he had any thing further to offer, and being anſwered in the negative, drew forth, with great deliberation, a pocket-book, in which there was a conſiderable parcel of bank-notes, from which he ſelected three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibited them upon the table, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent. Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loſs, ſaid it might be neceſſary to make him prove the notes were honeſtly come by; and Sir Launcelot ſtarted up, in order to take vengeance upon

upon him for this inſult; but was withheld by the arms and remonſtrances of Mr. Elmy, who aſſured him that Prickle deſired nothing ſo much as another broken head, to lay the foundation of a new proſecution.

The knight, calmed by this interpoſition, turned to the audience, ſaying, with the moſt affable deportment, "Good people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket the ſpoils of ſuch a contemptible raſcal. I ſhall beg the favour of this worthy gentleman to take up theſe twenty guineas, and diſtribute them as he ſhall think proper, among the poor of the pariſh: but, by this benefaction, I do not hold myſelf acquitted for the ſhare I had in the bruiſes ſome of you have received in this unlucky fray; and therefore I give the other twenty guineas to be divided among the ſufferers, to each according to the damage he or ſhe ſhall appear to have ſuſtained; and I ſhall conſider it as an additional obligation, if Mr. Elmy will likewiſe ſuperintend this retribution."

At the cloſe of this addreſs, the whole yard and gate-way rung with acclamation: while honeſt Crowe, whoſe generoſity was not inferior even to that of the accompliſhed Greaves, pulled out his purſe, and declared, that as he had begun the engagement, he would at leaſt go ſhare and ſhare alike in new caulking their ſeams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a diſpute with his novice, told him, he conſidered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that ſubject hereafter.

This point being adjuſted, Mr. Elmy aſſumed all the ſolemnity of the magiſtrate, and addreſſed himſelf to Prickle in theſe words: "Farmer Prickle, I am both ſorry and aſhamed to ſee a man of your years and circumſtances ſo little reſpected, that you cannot find ſufficient bail for forty pounds; a ſure teſtimony that you have neither cultivated the friendſhip, nor deſerved the good will of your neigh-

neighbours. I have heard of your quarrels and your riots, your inſolence, and litigious diſpoſition; and often wiſhed for an opportunity of giving you a proper taſte of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers——You have in the hearing of all theſe people poured forth a torrent of abuſe againſt me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magiſtrate: your abuſing me perſonally, perhaps I ſhould have overlooked with the contempt it deſerves; but I ſhould ill vindicate the dignity of my office as magiſtrate, by ſuffering you to inſult the bench with impunity. I ſhall therefore impriſon you for contempt; and you ſhall remain in jail, until you can find bail on the other proſecutions."

Prickle, the firſt tranſports of his anger having ſubſided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was indeed exceedingly mortified at the proſpect of being ſent to jail ſo diſgracefully. His countenance fell, and, after a hard internal ſtruggle, while

while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus, he ſaid he hoped his worſhip would not ſend him to priſon. He begged pardon of him and our adventurers, for having abuſed them in his paſſion; and obſerved, that as he had received a broken head, and payed two and twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be ſaid to have eſcaped altogether without puniſhment, even if the plaintiff ſhould agree to exchange releaſes.

Sir Launcelot, ſeeing this ſtubborn ruſtic effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr. Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his requeſt; and a mutual releaſe being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expence; and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruiſed in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were deſired to wait upon Mr. Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The juſtice was prevailed upon to ſpend the evening with

with Sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom ſupper was beſpoke; but the firſt thing the cook prepared was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monſtrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindneſs and complacency, ſhook Mr. Clarke by the hand, expreſſing his ſatisfaction at meeting with his old friends again, and told him ſoftly that he had compliments for him from Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip, who now lived with his Aurelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence, and after ſome heſitation, "Lord bleſs my ſoul! (cried he) I'll be ſhot then if the pretended Miſs Meadows wa'n't the ſame as Miſs Darnel!" He then declared himſelf extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into ſuch an agreeable ſituation, paſſed many warm encomiums on her goodneſs of heart and virtuous inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight whether ſhe did not look very pretty in her green Joſeph. In the mean time, he procured a plaiſter

plaiſter for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was ſent to bed betimes with a moderate doſe of ſack-whey, to promote perſpiration. The other three paſſed the evening to their mutual ſatisfaction; and the juſtice in particular grew enamoured of the knight's character, daſhed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a ſober and rational converſation, and give ſome account of other gueſts who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters——But as we have already treſpaſſed on the reader's patience, we ſhall give him a ſhort reſpite until the next chapter makes its appearance.

CHAP. XVIII.

In which the Rays of Chivalry ſhine with renovated Luſtre.

OUR hero little dreamed that he had a formidable rival in the perſon of the knight who arrived about

about eleven at the ſign of the St. George, and, by the noiſe he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than ſquire Sycamore, who, having received advice that Miſs Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field, in queſt of that lovely fugitive; hoping that, ſhould he have the good fortune to find her in her preſent diſtreſs, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chace ſo cloſe, that, immediately after our adventurer's departure, he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed; and there he learned the particulars which we have related above. Mr. Sycamore had a great deal of the childiſh romantic in his diſpoſition, and, in the courſe of his amours, is ſaid to have always taken more pleaſure in the purſuit than in the final poſſeſſion. He had heard of Sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in ſome meaſure infected; and he dropped an inſinuation, that he could

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eclipſe his rival even in his own lunatic ſpere. This hint was not loſt upon his companion, counſellor, and buffoon, the facetious Davy Dawdle, who had ſome humour and a great deal of miſchief in his compoſition. He looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool: yet the two characters ſuited each other ſo well, that they could hardly exiſt aſunder. Davy was an artful ſycophant, but he did not flatter in the uſual way; on the contrary, he behaved *en cavalier*, and treated Sycamore, on whoſe bounty he ſubſiſted, with the moſt ſarcaſtic familiarity. Nevertheleſs, he ſeaſoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that ſubdued the bitterneſs of it, and was now become ſo neceſſary to the ſquire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not ſome how or other connected. There had been a warm diſpute betwixt them about the ſcheme of conteſting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the liſts of chivalry. Sycamore

more had inſinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a launce, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle ſnatching the hint, "I had ſome time ago, (ſaid he) contrived a ſcheme for you, which I was afraid you had not addreſs enough to execute— It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, to go in queſt of Greaves as a knight errant, defy him as a rival, and eſtabliſh a compact, by which the vanquiſhed ſhould obey the injunctions of the victor."——"That is my very idea." cried Sycamore) "Your idea, (replied the other) had you ever an idea of your own conception?"— Thus the diſpute began, and was maintained with great vehemence; until other arguments failing, the ſquire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this propoſal Dawdle anſwered by the interjection *Piſh!* which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance."— "You are in the right (ſaid Dawdle)

Dawdle) to uſe ſuch an argument, as you know is by me unanſwerable. A wager of twenty guineas will at any time overthrow and confute all the logick of the moſt able ſyllogiſt, who has not got a ſhilling in his pocket."

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration, and, after a ſhort pauſe, ſaid, "I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money!" "I am ſurpriſed you ſhould give yourſelf that trouble——I never aſk what you do with yours."— "You have no occaſion to aſk: you know pretty well how it goes." What! do you upbraid me with your favours?—'tis mighty well, Sycamore."— "Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront."— "Z—s! affront! what d'ye mean?"— "I'll aſſure you, Davy, you don't know me, if you think I could be ſo ungenerous as to—a—to—" "I always thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generoſity,—tho' to be ſure it is often very abſurdly diſplayed." "Ay, that's one of my greateſt foibles: I can't

can't refuſe even a ſcoundrel, when I think he is in want.—Here, Dawdle, take that note."— "Not I, ſir,—what d'ye mean?—— what right have I to your notes." "Nay, but Dawdle,—come."— "By no means,— It looks like the abuſe of good nature,—all the world knows you're good-natured to a fault."— "Come, dear Davy, you ſhall—you muſt oblige me."——Thus urged, Dawdle accepted the bank note with great reluctance, and reſtored the idea to the right owner.

A ſuit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his anceſtors, he gave orders for having the pieces ſcoured and furbiſhed up; and his heart dilated with joy, when he reflected upon the ſuperb figure he ſhould make when caſed in complete ſteel, and armed at all points for the combat.

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle inſiſted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds, and the head-piece being adjuſted, made ſuch a clatter about his ears

ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almoſt ſtarted from their ſockets. His voice was loſt within the vizor, and his friend affected not to underſtand his meaning when he made ſigns with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to cloſe with him, that he might wreſt the cudgel from his hand. At length he deſiſted, ſaying, "I'll warrant the helmet ſound, by its ringing;" and taking it off, found the ſquire in a cold ſweat. He would have atchieved his firſt exploit on the ſpot, had his ſtrength permitted him to aſſault Dawdle; but, what with want of air, and the diſcipline he had undergone, he had well nigh ſwooned away; and before he retrieved the uſe of his members, he was appeaſed by the apologies of his companion, who proteſted he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection for the head it covered. His excuſes were accepted: the armour was packed up, and next morning Mr. Sycamore ſet out from his own houſe,

houſe, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his ſquire at the approaching combat. He was alſo attended by a ſervant on horſeback, who had charge of the armour, and another who blowed the trumpet. They no ſooner underſtood that our hero was houſed at the George, than the trumpeter ſounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and diſturbed honeſt captain Crowe in the middle of his firſt ſleep. Their next ſtep was to pen a challenge, which, when the ſtranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered with great ceremony into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in theſe words: "To the knight of the Creſcent, greeting. Whereas I am informed you have the preſumption to lay claim to the heart of the peerleſs Aurelia Darnel, I give you notice that I can admit no rivalſhip in the affection of that paragon of beauty; and I expect that you will either reſign your pretenſions, or make it appear in ſingle combat, according to

to the law of arms, and the inſtitutions of chivalry, that you are worthy to diſpute her favour with him of the Griffin. POLYDORE."

Our adventurer was not a little ſurpriſed at this addreſs, which, however, he pocketed in ſilence; and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by ſome perſon who wanted to amuſe himſelf with the infirmities of his fellow creatures. Mr. Thomas Clarke, who ſaw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the emotions with which it was read, hied him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there learned that the ſtranger was ſquire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet, and, in the apprehenſion that bloodſhed would enſue, reſolved to alarm his uncle, that he might aſſiſt in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet, and now peeviſhly aſked the meaning of that damned piping, as

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if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the tranſaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain ſaid, he did not ſuppoſe as how they would engage by candle-light; and that for his own part he ſhould turn out in the larboard watch, long enough before any ſignals could be hove out for forming the line. With this aſſurance the lawyer retired to his neſt, where he did not fail to dream of Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip; while Sir Launcelot paſſed the night awake, in ruminating on the ſtrange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the ſender was Mr. Sycamore, and heſitated with himſelf whether he ſhould not puniſh him for his impertinence: but when he reflected on the nature of the diſpute, and the ſerious conſequences it might produce, he reſolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit, founded upon abſurdity. Even in his maddeſt hours, he never adopted thoſe maxims of knight-errantry which related to challenges. He

always perceived the folly and wickedneſs of defying a man to mortal fight, becauſe he did not like the colour of his beard, or the complexion of his miſtreſs; or of deciding by homicide, whether he or his rival deſerved the preference, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which ſhould be the happy lover. It was his opinion that chivalry was an uſeful inſtitution while confined to its original purpoſes of protecting the innocent, aſſiſting the friendleſs, and bringing the guilty to condign puniſhment: but he could not conceive how theſe laws ſhould be anſwered by violating every ſuggeſtion of reaſon, and every precept of humanity. Captain Crowe did not examine the matter ſo philoſophically. He took it for granted that in the morning the two knights would come to action, and ſlept ſound on that ſuppoſition. But he roſe before it was day, reſolved to be ſome how concerned in the fray; and underſtanding that the ſtranger had a companion, ſet him down immediately

ly for his own antagoniſt. So impatient was he to eſtabliſh this ſecondary conteſt, that by day-break he entered the chamber of Dawdle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and rouſed him with a hilloah, that might have been heard at the diſtance of half a league. Dawdle, ſtartled by this terrific ſound, ſprung out of bed, and ſtood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been ſo dreadfully alarmed. But when he beheld the head of Crowe, ſo ſwelled and ſwathed, ſo livid, hideous, and grieſly, with a broad ſword by his ſide, and a caſe of piſtols in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of ſome murthered man; his hair briſtled up, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked; he would have prayed, but his tongue denied its office. Crowe ſeeing his perturbation, "May-hap, friend, ſaid he, you take me for a buccaneer: but I am no ſuch perſon.—My name it is captain Crowe.—I come not for your ſilver nor your

gold; your rigging nor your ſtowage; but hearing as how your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launcelot Greaves to action, d'ye ſee; I deſire in the way of friendſhip, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as their ſeconds, may lie board and board for a few glaſſes, to divert one another, d'ye ſee." Dawdle hearing this requeſt, began to retrieve his faculties, and throwing himſelf into the attitude of Hamlet, when the ghoſt appears, exclaimed in theatrical accent, "Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!——Art thou a ſpirit of grace, or goblin damn'd?"——As he ſeemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain began to think that he really ſaw ſomething preternatural, and ſtared wildly around. Then addreſſing himſelf to the terrified Dawdle, "Damn'd, (ſaid he) for what ſhould I be damn'd? If you are afeard of goblins, brother, put your truſt in the Lord, and he'll prove a ſheet-anchor to you." The other having by this time recollected himſelf perfectly,

ly, continued, notwithſtanding, to ſpout tragedy, and in the words of Macbeth pronounced,

" What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger;
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble."——

" 'Ware names, Jack, (cried the impatient mariner) if ſo be as how you'll bear a hand and rig yourſelf, and take a ſhort trip with me into the offing, we'll overhaul this here affair in the turning of a capſtan."

At this juncture they were joined by Mr. Sycamore in his night-gown and ſlippers. Diſturbed by Crowe's firſt ſalute he had ſprung up, and now expreſſed no ſmall aſtoniſhment at firſt ſight of the novice's countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle, " Who have we got here, ſaid he, raw head and bloody

bones?" when his friend, ſlipping on his cloaths, gave him to underſtand that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errant, he treated him with more civility. He aſſured him that he ſhould have the pleaſure to break a ſpear with Mr. Dawdle; and ſignified his ſurprize that Sir Launcelot had made no anſwer to his letter. It being by this time clear day-light, and Crowe extremely intereſted in this affair, he broke without ceremony into the knight's chamber, and told him abruptly that the enemy had brought to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action. "I've hailed his conſort, ſaid he, a ſhambling chattering fellow: he took me firſt for a hobgoblin, then called me names, a tyger, a wrynoſe o'roſs, and a Perſian bear; but egad, if I come athwart him, I'll make him look like the bear and ragged ſtaff before we part.—I wool.——"

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain ex-

expected to find in our adventurer, who told him in a peremptory tone, that he had no deſign to come to action, and deſired to be left to his repoſe. Crowe forthwith retired creſtfallen, and muttered ſomething which was never diſtinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr. Dawdle brought him a formal meſſage from the knight of the Griffin, deſiring he would appoint the liſts, and give ſecurity of the field. To which requeſt he made anſwer in a very compoſed and ſolemn accent, "If the perſon who ſent you thinks I have injured him, let him without diſguiſe, or any ſuch ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong; and then I ſhall give ſuch ſatisfaction as may ſuit my conſcience and my character. If he hath beſtowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me as a favoured rival, I ſhall not wrong the lady ſo much as to take any ſtep that may prejudice her choice, eſpecially a ſtep that contradicts my own reaſon

as much as it would outrage the laws of my country. If he who calls himſelf knight of the Griffin is really deſirous of treading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of ſignalizing his valour in the cauſe of virtue.—Should he, notwithſtanding this declaration, offer violence to me in the courſe of my occaſions, he will always find me in a poſture of defence: or, ſhould he perſiſt in repeating his importunities, I ſhall without ceremony chaſtiſe the meſſenger." His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr. Sycamore, who now became more inſolent and ferocious, on the ſuppoſition of our knight's timidity. Sir Launcelot mean while went to breakfaſt with his friends, and having put on his armour, ordered the horſes to be brought forth. Then he payed the bill, and walking deliberately to the gate, in preſence of ſquire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted at one ſpring into the ſaddle of Bronzomarte,

marte, whoſe neighing and curvetting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accompliſhed maſter.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to inſult his rival perſonally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack ſome jokes on the figure and horſemanſhip of Crowe, who again declared he ſhould be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage: nor did Mr. Clarke's black patch and rueful countenance paſs unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Crabſhaw, he beheld his brother ſquire with the contempt of a veteran: and Gilbert payed him his compliments with his heels at parting: but when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr. Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to ſound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagoniſt. Perhaps he would have contented himſelf with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle further inflamed his envy and ambition, by launching out in praiſe of Sir Launce-

lot. He obſerved that his countenance was open and manly; his joints ſtrong knit, and his form unexceptionable; that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the ſaddle like a winged Mercury: nay, he even hinted it was lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Creſcent happened to be ſo pacifically diſpoſed. His patron ſickened at theſe praiſes, and took fire at the laſt obſervation. He affected to undervalue perſonal beauty, though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himſelf in that particular: he ſaid he was at leaſt two inches taller than Greaves; and as to ſhape and air, he would make no compariſons; but with reſpect to riding, he was ſure he had a better ſeat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager five hundred to fifty guineas, that he would unhorſe him at the firſt encounter. "There is no occaſion for laying wagers, replied Mr. Dawdle, the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop."

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Sycamore, after ſome heſitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe; and this condition was accepted: for, though Davy had no ſtomach to the tryal, he could not readily find an excuſe for declining it: beſides, he had diſcovered the captain to be a very bad horſeman, and reſolved to eke out his own ſcanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The ſervants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour, and, in a little time, Mr. Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But the ſcene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter; and therefore we ſhall reſerve it for a more conſpicuous place in theſe memoirs.

CHAP. XIX.

Containing the atchievements of the knights of the Griffin and Creſcent.

MR. Sycamore, alias the knight of the Griffin, ſo denominated from a griffin painted on his ſhield, being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain implement, which he flattered himſelf would enſure a victory over the novice Crowe; they ſet out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope, and pranced along the highway that led towards London, that being the road which our adventurer purſued. As they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they, in leſs than two hours, came up with Sir Launcelot and his company; and Sycamore ſent another formal defiance to the knight, by his trumpeter, Dawdle having for good reaſons, declined that office.

Our adventurer hearing himſelf thus addreſſed, and ſeeing his rival, who had paſſed him, poſted to obſtruct his progreſs, armed capapie, with his lance in the reſt; determined to give the ſatisfaction that was required, and deſired that the regulations of the combat might be eſtabliſhed. The knight of the Griffin propoſed, that the vanquiſhed party ſhould reſign all pretenſions to Miſs Aurelia Darnel, in favour of the victor; that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle ſhould run a tilt with captain Crowe; that ſquire Crabſhaw, and Mr. Sycamore's ſervant, ſhould keep themſelves in readineſs to aſſiſt their reſpective maſters occaſionally, according to the law of arms; and that Mr. Clarke ſhould obſerve the motions of the trumpeter, whoſe province was to ſound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to theſe regulations, notwithſtanding the earneſt and pathetic remonſtrances of the young lawyer, who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants, in their

turns,

turns, to refrain from an action that might be attended with bloodſhed and murder; and was contrary to the laws both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and entreaties, by threatning them with proſecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next: they perſiſted in their reſolution, and his uncle would have begun hoſtilities on his carcaſe, had not he been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who exhorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the conſequences of the combat. He reliſhed this advice ſo well, that he had actually moved off to ſome diſtance; but his apprehenſion and concern for his friends co-operating with an inſatiable curioſity, detained him in ſight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the ground, and the ſame precautions being taken by the ſeconds, on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with ſome ſcruples, which were probably engendered

dered by the martial appearance, and well known character of his antagoniſt. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vaniſhed, becauſe it plainly appeared, that the knight's backwardneſs was not owing to perſonal timidity; and he foreſaw that the proſecution of this joke might be attended with very ſerious conſequences to his own life and reputation. He, therefore, deſired a parley, in which he obſerved his affection for Miſs Darnel was of ſuch a delicate nature, that ſhould the diſcomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory muſt render him the moſt miſerable wretch upon earth. He propoſed, therefore, that her ſentiments and choice ſhould be aſcertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combating Aurelia's inclination, than of oppoſing the knight of the Griffin in arms; and that if he had the leaſt reaſon to think

think Mr. Sycamore, or any other perſon, was diſtinguiſhed by her preference, he would inſtantly give up his ſuit as deſperate. At the ſame time, he obſerved that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract; that he had inſulted a gentleman, and not only challenged, but even purſued him, and blocked up his paſſage in the public highway; outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not ſuffer to paſs unpuniſhed. Accordingly, he inſiſted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr. Sycamore as a craven, and a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle, who told him that ſhould he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

Theſe two obſervations gave a neceſſary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their ſtations: the trumpet ſounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuoſity. Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr. Sycamore's ſteed,

ſteed, or ſome other object had an unlucky effect on his eye-ſight; certain it is he ſtarted at about midway, and gave his rider ſuch a violent ſhake as diſcompoſed his attitude, and diſabled him from uſing his lance to the beſt advantage. Had our hero continued his career, with his launce couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcaſe: but Sir Launcelot perceiving his rival's ſpear unreſted, had juſt time to throw up the point of his own, when the two horſes cloſed with ſuch a ſhock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the ſaddle, was overthrown, and his armour craſhed around him as he fell.

The victor, ſeeing him lie without motion, alighted immediately and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was aſſiſted by the trumpeter. When the head-piece was removed, the hapleſs knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, tho' he was only in a ſwoon, from which he ſoon recovered by the

effect

effect of the freſh air, and the aſperſion of cold water, brought from a ſmall pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognized his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his perſon, he cloſed his eyes from vexation, told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, tho' he himſelf owed his miſchance to the fault of his own horſe; and obſerved that this ridiculous affair would not have happened, but for the miſchievous inſtigation of that ſcoundrel Dawdle, on whoſe ribs he threatened to revenge his mishap.

Perhaps captain Crowe might have ſaved him this trouble, had that wag honourably adhered to the inſtitutions of chivalry, in his conflict with our novice: but on this occaſion, his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided at the inn a blown bladder, in which ſeveral ſmooth pebbles were incloſed; and this he ſlily fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the ſignal of battle. Inſtead of bearing

ing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the ſtraight line, ſo as to avoid the launce of his antagoniſt, and rattled his bladder with ſuch effect, that Crowe's horſe pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled acroſs ſome ploughed land with ſuch precipitation, that the rider was obliged to quit his ſpear, and lay faſt hold on the mane, that he might not be thrown out of the ſaddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, ſeeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and belaboured his ſhoulders without fear of retaliation. Mr. Clarke, ſeeing his kinſman ſo roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his aſſiſtance; but, before he came up, the aggreſſor had retired, and now perceiving that fortune had declared againſt his friend and patron, very honourably abandoned him in his diſtreſs, and went off at full ſpeed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabſhaw without his ſhare in the noble atchievements of this propitious day. He had

had by this time imbibed ſuch a tincture of errantry, that he firmly believed himſelf and his maſter equally invincible; and this belief operating upon a perverſe diſpoſition, rendered him as quarrelſome in his ſphere, as his maſter was mild and forbearing. As he ſat on horſeback, in the place aſſigned to him and Sycamore's lacquey, he managed Gilbert in ſuch a manner, as to invade with his heels, the poſteriors of the other's horſe; and this inſult produced ſome altercation, which ended in mutual aſſault. The footman handled the butt-end of his horſe-whip with great dexterity about the head of Crabſhaw, who declared afterwards, that it ſung and ſimmered like a kettle of cod-fiſh: but the ſquire who underſtood the nature of long laſhes, as having been a carter from his infancy, found means to twine his thong about the neck of his antagoniſt, and pull him off his horſe half ſtrangled, at the very inſtant his maſter was thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Having

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not much regard the punctilios of chivalry; but taking it for granted he had a right to make the moſt of his advantage, reſolved to carry off the *ſpolia opima*. Alighting with great agility, "Brother, (cried he) I think as haw yawrs bean't a butcher's horſe, a doan't carry calves well——I'ſe make yaw knaw your churning days, I wool——what yaw look as if yaw was crow-trodden, you do——now, you ſhall pay the ſcore you have been running on my peate, you ſhall, brother."

So ſaying, he rifled his pockets, ſtripped him of his hat and coat, and took poſſeſſion of his maſter's portmanteau. But he did not long enjoy his plunder: for the lacquey complaining to Sir Launcelot, of his having been deſpoiled, the knight commanded his ſquire to refund, not without menaces of ſubjecting him to the ſevereſt chaſtiſement, for his injuſtice and rapacity. Timothy repreſented, with great vehemence, that he

he had won the ſpoils in fair battle, at the expence of his head and ſhoulders, which he immediately uncovered, to prove his allegation: but his remonſtrance having no effect upon his maſter, "Wounds! (cried he) an I mun gee thee back the pig, I'ſe gee thee back the poke alſo; I'm a drubbing ſtill in thy debt."

With theſe words, he made a moſt furious attack upon the plaintiff, with his horſe-whip, and before the knight could interpoſe, repayed the lacquey with intereſt. As an appurtenance to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the riſque of another aſſault from the novice Crowe, who was ſo tranſported with rage, at the diſagreeable trick which had been played upon him, by his fugitive antagoniſt, that he could not for ſome time pronounce an articulate ſound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be aſcertained. Snatching up his pole, he ran towards the place where Mr. Sycamore ſat on the graſs, ſupported by the trumpeter, and would have finiſhed what our adventurer

turer had left undone, if the knight of the Creſcent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at the knight of the Griffin, and ſignified his diſpleaſure in a reſolute tone: then he collared the lacquey, who was juſt diſengaged from the chaſtiſing hand of Crabſhaw, and ſwinging his launce with his other hand, encountered the ſquire's ribs by accident.

Timothy was not ſlow in returning the ſalutation, with the weapon which he ſtill wielded: Mr. Clarke, running up to the aſſiſtance of his uncle, was oppoſed by the lacquey, who ſeemed extremely deſirous of ſeeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hoſtilities againſt the footman, while Crowe grappled with Crabſhaw; a battle-royal inſued, and was maintained with great vigour, and ſome bloodſhed on all ſides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by ſome weighty remonſtrances, applied to the ſquire,

put

put an end to the conflict. Crabſhaw immediately deſiſted, and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who ſeemed to ſympathize very little with his diſtreſs. The lacquey took to his heels; Mr Clarke wiped his bloody noſe, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggreſſor in the Crown-office; and captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, ſeemed to imply that he was almoſt ſick of his new profeſſion. "D—n my eyes, if you call this——ſtart my timbers, brother—look ye, d'ye ſee—a louſy, lubberly, cowardly ſon of a—among the breakers, d'ye ſee——loſt my ſteerage way——ſplit my binnacle; haul away—O! damn all arrantry—give me a tight veſſel, d'ye ſee, brother—mayhap you may'nt——ſnatch my—ſea room and a ſpanking gale—odds heart, I'll hold a whole year's—ſmite my limbs: it don't ſignify talking."——

Our hero conſoled the novice for his diſaſter, by obſerving, that if he

had got ſome blows, he had loſt no honour. At the ſame time, he obſerved that it was very difficult, if not impoſſible, for a man to ſucceed in the paths of chivalry, who had paſſed the better part of his days in other occupations; and hinted that as the cauſe which had engaged him in this way of life no longer exiſted, he was determined to relinquiſh a profeſſion, which, in a peculiar manner, expoſed him to the moſt diſagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this inſinuation, while the other perſonages of the Drama were employed in catching the horſes, which had given their riders the ſlip. As for Mr. Sycamore, he was ſo bruiſed by his fall, that it was neceſſary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town, and the ſervant was diſpatched for this convenience; Sir Launcelot ſtaying with him until it arrived.

When he was ſafely depoſited in the carriage, our hero took leave of him in theſe terms. "I ſhall not inſiſt upon your ſubmitting to the

terms, you yourſelf propoſed before this rencounter. I give you free leave to uſe all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your ſuit with the young lady, of whom you profeſs yourſelf enamoured. Should you have recourſe to ſiniſter practices, you will find Sir Launcelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct, not in the character of a lunatic knight-errant, but as a plain Engliſh gentleman, jealous of his honour, and reſolute in his purpoſe."

To this addreſs Mr. Sycamore made no reply, but with a ſullen aſpect ordered the carriage to proceed; and it moved accordingly to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction. Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding-coat, hat, and boots; and Crowe parting with his ſkull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained in ſome reſpects the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphoſed, they purſued their way in an

eaſy pace, Mr. Clarke endeavouring to amuſe them with a learned diſſertation on the law, tending to demonſtrate that Mr. Sycamore was, by his behaviour of that day, liable to three different actions, beſides a commiſſion of lunacy; and that Dawdle might be proſecuted for having practiſed ſubtle craft, to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for aſſault and battery; becauſe, for why? The ſaid Crowe having run away, as might be eaſily proved, before any blows were given, the ſaid Dawdle by purſuing him even out of the high road, putting him in fear, and committing battery on his body, became, to all intents and purpoſes, the aggreſſor; and an indictment would lie in *Banco Regis.*

The Captain's pride was ſo ſhocked at theſe obſervations, that he exclaimed with equal rage and impatience, "You lie, you dog, in *Bilkum Regis*—you lie, I ſay, you lubber, I did not run away; nor was I in fear, d'ye ſee. It was my ſon of

a bitch of a horſe that would not obey the helm, d'ye ſee, whereby I coudn't uſe my metal, d'ye ſee—As for the matter of fear, you and fear my kiſs my—So don't go and heave your ſtink-pots at my character, d'ye ſee, or agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a—I wool." Tom proteſted he meant nothing but a little ſpeculation, and Crowe was appeaſed.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden, without any farther adventure, and paſſed the night in great tranquility. Next morning, even after the horſes were ordered to be ſaddled, Mr. Clarke, without ceremony, entered the apartment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip. This young woman advancing to the knight, cried, "O, Sir Launcelot! my dear leady, my dear leady"—but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears which the tender hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful ſhower of ſympathy.

Our adventurer ſtarting at this ex-

exclamation, "O heavens! (cried he) where is my Aurelia? ſpeak, where did you leave that jewel of my ſoul? anſwer me in a moment——I am all terror and impatience!" Dolly having recollected herſelf, told him that Mr. Darnel had lodged his niece in the new buildings by May-fair; that on the ſecond night after their arrival, a very warm expoſtulation had paſſed between Aurelia and her uncle, who next morning diſmiſſed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her miſtreſs, and that ſame day moved to another part of the town, as ſhe afterwards learned of the landlady, though ſhe could not inform her whither they were gone. That when ſhe was turned away, John Clump, one of the footmen, who pretended to have a kindneſs for her, had faithfully promiſed to call upon her and let her know what paſſed in the family; but as he did not keep his word, and ſhe was an utter ſtranger in London, without friends or ſettlement, ſhe had reſolved to return to her mo-

ther, and travelled ſo far on foot ſince yeſterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the moſt diſmal tidings from her lamentable preamble, was pleaſed to find his preſaging fears diſappointed; tho' he was far from being ſatisfied with the diſmiſſion of Dolly, from whoſe attachment to his intereſt, joined to her influence over Mr. Clump, he had hoped to reap ſuch intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his deſires. After a minute's reflection, he ſaw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs. Cowſlip, and lodge her at the place where Mr. Clump had promiſed to viſit her with intelligence; for, in all probability, it was not for want of inclination that he had not kept his promiſe.

Dolly did not expreſs any averſion to the ſcheme of returning to London, where ſhe hoped once more to rejoin her dear lady, to whom by this time, ſhe was attached by the ſtrongeſt ties of affection; and her inclination, in this reſpect, was aſſiſted by the

the conſideration of having the company of the young lawyer, who, it plainly appeared, had made ſtrange havock in her heart, tho' it muſt be owned, for the honour of this blooming damſel, that her thoughts had never once deviated from the paths of innocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot ſurveyed this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himſelf diſpoſed to take care of her fortune; and from this day he began to ruminate on a ſcheme which was afterwards conſummated in her favour—In the mean time, he laid injunctions on Mr. Clarke to conduct his addreſſes to Mrs. Cowſlip, according to the rules of honour and decorum, as he valued his countenance and friendſhip. His next ſtep was to procure a ſaddle-horſe for Dolly, who preferred this to any other ſort of carriage; and thereby gratified the wiſh of her admirer, who longed to ſee her on horſeback in her green joſeph.

The armour, including the accoutrements of the novice and the ſquire, were left in the care of the inn-keeper,

and Timothy Crabſhaw was ſo metamorphoſed by a plain livery-frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty recognized his perſon. As for the novice Crowe, his head had almoſt reſumed its natural dimenſions; but then his whole face was ſo covered with a livid ſuffuſion; his noſe appeared ſo flat, and his lips ſo tumified, that he might very well have paſſed for a Caffre or Æthiopian. Every circumſtance being now adjuſted, they departed from Bugden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield, and in the evening arrived at the Bull and Gate inn in Holborn, where they eſtabliſhed their quarters for the night.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

In which our Hero deſcends into the Manſions of the Damned.

THE firſt ſtep which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that ſucceeded his arrival in London, was to ſettle Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip in lodgings at the houſe where John Clump had promiſed to viſit her; as he did not doubt, that tho' the viſit was delayed, it would ſome time or other be performed; and in that caſe, he might obtain ſome intelligence of Aurelia. Mr. Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the ſame houſe, on his earneſtly deſiring he might be intruſted with the office of conveying information and inſtruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himſelf reſolved to live retired until he ſhould receive ſome tidings relating to Miſs Darnel, that would influence his conduct; but he propoſed to frequent places of public reſort incognito, that he might

have ſome chance of meeting by accident with the miſtreſs of his heart. Taking it for granted that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuſe him in his hours of ſolitude and diſappointment, he invited that original to be his gueſt at a ſmall houſe which he determined to hire ready furniſhed in the neighbourhood of Golden-ſquare. The captain thanked him for his courteſy, and frankly embraced his offer; tho' he did not much approve of the knight's choice, in point of ſituation. He ſaid he would recommend him to a ſpecial good upper-deck hard by St. Catherine's in Wapping, where he would be delighted with the proſpect of the ſtreet forwards, well frequented by paſſengers, carts, drays, and other carriages; and having backwards, an agreeable view of alderman Parſons' great brewhouſe, with two hundred hogs feeding almoſt under the window. As a further inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of ſalutation: nor did he for-

get

get the ſweet ſound of mooring and unmooring ſhips in the river, and the pleaſing objects on the other ſide of the Thames, diſplayed in the oozy docks and cabbage-gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not inſenſible to the beauties of this landſcape; but, his purſuit lying another way, he contented himſelf with a leſs enchanting ſituation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendſhip. At night Mr. Clarke arrived at our hero's houſe with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her that his maſter 'ſquire Darnel was to ſet out early in the morning for Yorkſhire; but he could give no account of her lady, who had, the day before, been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney-coach, attended by his uncle and an ill-looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey; ſo that he feared ſhe was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehenſion was even rouſed by a ſuſpicion that a man of Darnel's violent temper, and unprincipled heart, might have practiſed upon the life of his lovely niece: but, upon recollection, he could not ſuppoſe that he had recourſe to ſuch infamous expedients, knowing, as he did, that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be eaſily proved he had conveyed her from the lodging in which ſhe reſided. His firſt fears now gave way to another ſuggeſtion, that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with his propoſals, had trumped up a ſpurious claim againſt her, and by virtue of a writ confined her in ſome priſon or ſpunging-houſe. Poſſeſſed with this idea, he deſired Mr. Clarke to ſearch the ſheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any ſuch writ had been granted; and he himſelf reſolved to make a tour of the great priſons belonging to the metropolis, to enquire

if

if perchance ſhe might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if poſſible, to appriſe her of his place of abode by a paragraph in all the daily papers, ſignifying that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his houſe by Golden-ſquare.

All theſe reſolutions were punctually executed. No ſuch writ had been taken out in the ſheriff's office; and therefore, our hero ſet out on his jail expedition, accompanied by Mr. Clarke, who had contracted ſome acquaintance with the commanding officers in theſe garriſons, in the courſe of his clerkſhip, and practice as an attorney. The firſt day they ſpent in proſecuting their inquiry through the Gate-houſe, Fleet, and Marſhalſea; the next they allotted to the King's-bench, where they underſtood there was a great variety of priſoners. There they propoſed to make a minute ſcrutiny, by the help of Mr. Norton the deputy-marſhal, who was Mr. Clarke's intimate friend, and had

nothing

nothing at all of jailor either in his appearance or in his diſpoſition, which was remarkably humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures.

The knight having beſpoke dinner at a tavern in the Borough, was, together with captain Crowe, conducted to the priſon of the King's-bench, which is ſituated in St. George's-fields, about a mile from the end of Weſtminſter-bridge, and appears like a neat little regular town, conſiſting of one ſtreet, ſurrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground which may be termed a garden, where the priſoners take the air, and amuſe themſelves with a variety of diverſions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a jail, or bears the leaſt colour of reſtraint. The ſtreet is crowded with paſſengers. Tradeſmen of all kinds here exerciſe their different profeſſions. Hawkers of all ſorts are admitted to call and vend

their

their wares as in any open ſtreet of London. Here are butchers-ſtands, chandlers-ſhops, a ſurgery, a tap-houſe well frequented, and a public kitchen in which proviſions are dreſſed for all the priſoners gratis, at the expence of the publican. Here the voice of miſery never complains, and, indeed, little elſe is to be heard but the ſounds of mirth and jollity. At the farther end of the ſtreet, on the right hand, is a little paved court leading to a ſeparate building, conſiſting of twelve large apartments, called ſtate-rooms, well furniſhed, and fitted up for the reception of the better ſort of crown-priſoners; and on the other ſide of the ſtreet, facing a ſeparate diviſion of ground, called the common ſide, is a range of rooms occupied by priſoners of the loweſt order, who ſhare the profits of a begging-box, and are maintained by this practice, and ſome eſtabliſhed funds of charity. We ought alſo to obſerve, that the jail is provided with a neat chapel, in which a clergyman, in

in conſideration of a certain ſalary, performs divine ſervice every Sunday.

Our adventurer having ſearched the books, and peruſed the deſcription of all the female priſoners who had been for ſome weeks admitted into the jail, obtained not the leaſt intelligence of his concealed charmer, but reſolved to alleviate his diſappointment by the gratification of his curioſity. Under the auſpices of Mr. Norton, he made a tour of the priſon, and in particular viſited the kitchen, where he ſaw a number of ſpits loaded with a variety of proviſion, conſiſting of butcher's meat, poultry, and game: he could not help expreſſing his aſtoniſhment with up-lifted hands, and congratulating himſelf in ſecret, upon his being a member of that community which had provided ſuch a comfortable aſylum for the unfortunate. His ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noiſe in the ſtreet; and Mr. Norton declaring he was ſent for to the lodge, conſigned our hero to the

care

care of one Mr. Felton, a priſoner of a very decent appearance, who paid his compliments with a good grace, and invited the company to repoſe themſelves in his apartment, which was large, commodious, and well furniſhed. When Sir Launcelot aſked the cauſe of that uproar, he told him that it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two of the priſoners, to be decided in the ground, or garden of the place.

Capt. Crowe expreſſing an eager curioſity to ſee the battle, Mr. Felton aſſured him there would be no ſport, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghills: "But, in half an hour (ſaid he) there will be a battle of ſome conſequence between two of the demagogues of the place, Dr. Crabclaw and Mr. Tapley, the firſt a phyſician, and the other a brewer. You muſt know, Gentlemen, that this microcoſm or republic in miniature, is like the great world, ſplit into factions. Crabclaw is the leader of one party; and the other is headed by

by Tapley: both are men of warm and impetuous tempers; and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, inſomuch that it was dangerous to walk the ſtreet, on account of the continual ſkirmiſhes of their partizans. At length, ſome of the more ſedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon ſome remedy for theſe growing diſorders, propoſed that the diſpute ſhould be at once decided by ſingle combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the propoſal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas, and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which conſiderable ſums of money are depending. As for Mr. Norton, it is not proper that he ſhould be preſent, or ſeem to countenance ſuch violent proceedings, which, however, it is neceſſary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of thoſe humours, which being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury, in conſpiracy and rebellion."

The

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means ſuch a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependants, to above five hundred, were reſtrained within the bounds of any tolerable diſcipline, or prevented from making their eſcape; which they might at any time accompliſh, either by ſtealth or open violence, as it could not be ſuppoſed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and ſhutting the door, could reſiſt the efforts of a whole multitude. "Your wonder, good Sir, (ſaid Mr. Felton) will vaniſh, when you conſider it is hardly poſſible that the multitude ſhould cooperate in the execution of ſuch a ſcheme; and that the keeper perfectly well underſtands the maxim *divide et impera*. Many priſoners are reſtrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy-marſhal, whoſe friendſhip and good offices they have experienced: ſome, no doubt, are actuated by motives of diſcretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other; and

and I am firmly perſuaded that there are not ten priſoners within the place that would make their eſcape, if the doors were laid open. This is a ſtep which no man would take, unleſs his fortune was altogether deſperate; becauſe it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expoſe him to the moſt imminent riſque of being retaken and treated with the utmoſt ſeverity. The majority of the priſoners live in the moſt lively hope of being releaſed by the aſſiſtance of their friends, the compaſſion of their creditors, or the favour of the legiſlature. Some who are cut off from all theſe propoſals, are become naturalized to the place, knowing they cannot ſubſiſt in any other ſituation. I, myſelf, am one of theſe. After having reſigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained theſe nine years in priſon, becauſe one perſon refuſes to ſign my certificate. I have long outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the leaſt countenance or favour: I am

grown

grown old in confinement; and lay my account with ending my days in jail, as the mercy of the legiſlature in favour of inſolvent debtors, is never extended to uncertified bankrupts taken in execution. By dint of induſtry, and the moſt rigid oeconomy, I make ſhift to live independant in this retreat. To this ſcene my faculty of ſubſiſting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to eſcape, where ſhould I go? All my views of fortune have been long blaſted. I have no friends nor connexions in the world. I muſt, therefore, ſtarve in ſome ſequeſtered corner, or be recaptivated and confined for ever to cloſe priſon, deprived of the indulgences which I now enjoy."

Here the converſation was broke off by another uproar, which was the ſignal to battle between the doctor and his antagoniſt. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undreſſed and the ſtakes depoſited. The doctor

tor ſeemed of the middle age and middle ſtature, active and alert, with an atrabilarious aſpect, and a mixture of rage and diſdain expreſſed in his countenance. The brewer was large, raw-boned, and round as a but of beer, but very fat, unwieldy, ſhort-winded and phlegmatic. Our adventurer was not a little ſurpriſed when he beheld in the character of ſeconds, a male and a female ſtripped naked from the waiſt upwards, the latter ranging on the ſide of the phyſician: but the commencement of the battle prevented his demanding of his guide an explanation of this phœnomenon. The doctor, retiring ſome paces backwards, threw himſelf into the attitude of a battering ram, and ruſhed upon his antagoniſt with great impetuoſity, foreſeeing that ſhould he have the good fortune to over-turn him in the firſt aſſault, it would not be an eaſy taſk to raiſe him up again and put him in a capacity of offence. But the momentum of Crabclaw's head, and the concomitant efforts of

his

his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapley, who ſtood firm as the Acroceraunian promontory: and ſtepping forward with his projected fiſt, ſomething ſmaller and ſofter than a ſledge-hammer, ſtruck the phyſician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the aſſiſtance of his female ſecond, he was on his legs again, and grappling with his antagoniſt, endeavoured to tip him a fall; but, inſtead of accompliſhing his purpoſe, he received a croſs-buttock, and the brewer throwing himſelf upon him as he fell, had well-nigh ſmothered him on the ſpot. The amazon flew to his aſſiſtance, and Tapley ſhewing no inclination to get up, ſhe ſmote him on the temple 'till he roared. The male ſecond haſtening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately ſurrounded with black circles; and ſhe returned the ſalute with a blow which brought a double ſtream of blood from his noſtrils, greeting him at the ſame time with the

the opprobrious appellation of a louſy ſon of a b—h. A combat more furious than the firſt would now have enſued, had not Felton interpoſed with an air of authority, and inſiſted on the man's leaving the field; an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, ſaying, "Well, damme, Felton, you're my friend and commander: I'll obey your order—but the b—h will be foul of me before we ſleep—." Then Felton, advancing to his opponent, "Madam, (ſaid he) I'm very ſorry to ſee a lady of your rank and qualifications expoſe yourſelf in this manner.—For God's ſake, behave with a little more decorum; if not for the ſake of your own family, at leaſt for the credit of your ſex in general." "Hark ye, Felton, (ſaid ſhe) decorum is founded upon a delicacy of ſentiment and deportment, which cannot conſiſt with the diſgraces of a jail, and the miſeries of indigence.—But I ſee the diſpute is now terminated, and the money is to be drank: if you'll dine with

with us you ſhall be welcome: if not, you may die in your ſobriety, and be damned."

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man; yet he would not honour the feſtival with his preſence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr. Felton's apartment, where he ſat ſome time without opening his mouth, ſo aſtoniſhed he was at what he had ſeen and heard. "I perceive, Sir, (ſaid the priſoner) you are ſurpriſed at the manner in which I accoſted that unhappy woman; and perhaps you will be more ſurpriſed when you hear, that within theſe eighteen months, ſhe was actually a perſon of faſhion, and her opponent (who by the bye) is her huſband, univerſally reſpected as a man of honour, and a brave officer." "I am, indeed, (cried our hero) overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as ſtimulated by an eager curioſity to know

the fatal cauſes which have produced ſuch a deplorable reverſe of character and fortune. But I will rein my curioſity till the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have beſpoke dinner; a favour which I hope Mr. Norton will have no objection to your granting, as he himſelf is to be of the party."——The priſoner thanked him for his kind invitation, and they adjourned immediately to the place, taking up the deputy-marſhal in their paſſage through the lodge or entrance of the priſon.

CHAP. XX.

Containing further Anecdotes relating to the Children of Wretchedneſs.

DInner being chearfully diſcuſſed, and our adventurer expreſſing an eager deſire to know the hiſtory of the male and female who had acted as 'ſquires or ſeconds to the champions of the King's-bench, Felton gratified his curioſity to this effect:

"All

"All that I know of Captain Clewlin, previous to his commitment, is, that he was commander of a ſloop of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant officer; that he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London againſt the inclination, and without the knowledge of her father, who renounced her for this act of diſobedience: that the captain conſoled himſelf for the rigour of the parent with the poſſeſſion of the lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in perſon, but highly accompliſhed in her mind, and amiable in her diſpoſition. Such, a few months ago, were thoſe two perſons whom you ſaw acting in ſuch a vulgar capacity. When they firſt entered the priſon they were undoubtedly the handſomeſt couple mine eyes ever beheld, and their appearance won univerſal reſpect even from the moſt brutal inhabitants of the jail. The captain having unwarily involved himſelf as ſecurity for a man to whom he had lain under obligations, became

liable for a conſiderable ſum; and his own father-in-law being the ſole creditor of the bankrupt, took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him for having eſpouſed his daughter. He watched an opportunity until the captain had actually ſtept into the poſt-chaiſe with his lady for Portſmouth, where his ſhip lay, and cauſed him to be arreſted in the moſt public and ſhameful manner. Mrs. Clewlin had like to have ſunk under the firſt tranſports of her grief and mortification; but theſe ſubſiding, ſhe had recourſe to perſonal ſollicitation. She went with her only child in her arms (a lovely boy) to her father's door, and being denied admittance, kneeled down in the ſtreet, imploring his compaſſion in the moſt pathetic ſtrain; but this hard-hearted citizen, inſtead of recognizing his child, and taking the poor mourner to his boſom, inſulted her from the window with the moſt bitter reproach, ſaying, among other ſhocking expreſſions, "Strumpet, take yourſelf away, with your

your brat, otherwiſe I ſhall ſend for the beadle, and have you to Bridewell."

The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart by this uſage, and fainted in the ſtreet; from whence ſhe was conveyed to a public houſe by the charity of ſome paſſengers. She afterwards attempted to ſoften the barbarity of her father, by repeated letters, and by intereſting ſome of his friends to intercede with him in her behalf; but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, ſhe accompanied her huſband to the priſon of the King's-bench, where ſhe muſt have felt, in the ſevereſt manner, the fatal reverſe of circumſtance to which ſhe was expoſed. The captain being diſabled from going to ſea, was ſuperſeded, and he ſaw all his hopes blaſted in the midſt of an active war, at a time when he had the faireſt proſpects of fame and fortune. He ſaw himſelf reduced to extreme poverty, cooped up with the tender partner of his heart in a wretched hovel, amidſt the re-

fuſe of mankind, and on the brink of wanting the common neceſſaries of life. The mind of man is ever ingenious in finding reſources. He comforted his lady with vain hopes of having friends who would effect his deliverance, and repeated aſſurances of this kind ſo long, that he at length began to think they were not altogether void of foundation.

Mrs. Clewlin, from a principle of duty, recollected all her fortitude, that ſhe might not only bear her fate with patience, but even contributed to alleviate the woes of her huſband, whom her affection had ruined. She affected to believe the ſuggeſtions of his pretended hope; ſhe interchanged with him aſſurances of better fortune; her appearance exhibited a calm, while her heart was torn with anguiſh. She aſſiſted him in writing letters to former friends, the laſt conſolation of the wretched priſoner; ſhe delivered theſe letters with her own hand, and underwent a thouſand mortifying repulſes, the moſt ſhocking circumſtan-

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ces of which ſhe concealed from her huſband. She performed all the menial offices in her own little family, which was maintained by pawning her apparel; and both the huſband and wife, in ſome meaſure, ſweetened their cares, by prattling and toying with their charming little boy, on whom they doated with an enthuſiaſm of fondneſs.——Yet even this pleaſure was mingled with the moſt tender and melancholy regret. I have ſeen the mother hang over him, with the moſt affecting expreſſion of this kind in her aſpect, the tears contending with the ſmiles upon her countenance, while ſhe exclaimed: Alas! my poor priſoner, little did your mother once think ſhe ſhould be obliged to nurſe you in a jail." The captain's paternal love was daſhed with impatience—He would ſnatch up the boy in a tranſport of grief, preſs him to his breaſt, devour him as it were with kiſſes, throw up his eyes to heaven in the moſt emphatic ſilence; then convey the child haſtily to his mother's

arms, pull his hat over his eyes, ſtalk out into the common walk, and finding himſelf alone, break out into tears and lamentation.

Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what further griefs awaited them! The ſmall-pox broke out in the priſon, and poor Tommy Clewlin was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable, you may conceive the conſternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their diſtreſs was rendered inconceiveable by indigence; for, by this time, they were ſo deſtitute that they could neither pay for common attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did on that occaſion, what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures.—I wrote to a phyſician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to viſit the poor little patient: I engaged a careful woman-priſoner as a nurſe, and Mr. Norton ſupplied them with money and neceſſaries. Theſe helps were barely ſufficient to preſerve them from the horrors of deſpair, when they

ſaw

ſaw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathſome peſtilential malady, during the exceſſive heat of the dog-days, and ſtruggling for breath in the noxious atmoſphere of a confined cabin, where they ſcarce had room to turn, on the moſt neceſſary occaſions. The eager curioſity with which the mother eyed the doctor's looks as often as he viſited the boy; the terror and trepidation of the father, while he deſired to know his opinion; in a word, the whole tenour of their diſtreſs baffled all deſcription.

At length, the phyſician, for the ſake of his own character, was obliged to be explicit; and returning with the captain to the common walk, told him, in my hearing, that the child could not poſſibly recover.—This ſentence ſeemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who ſtood motionleſs, and ſeemingly bereft of ſenſe. I led him to my apartment, where he ſat a full hour in that ſtate of ſtupefaction; then he began to groan

hideouſly; a ſhower of tears burſt from his eyes; he threw himſelf on the floor, and uttered the moſt piteous lamentation that ever was heard. Mean while, Mrs. Norton being made aquainted with the doctor's prognoſtic, viſited Mrs. Clewlin, and invited her to the lodge. Her prophetic fears immediately took the alarm. "What! (cried ſhe, ſtarting up with a frantic wildneſs in her looks) then our caſe is deſperate—I ſhall loſe my dear Tommy!——the poor priſoner will be releaſed by the hand of heaven!—Death will convey him to the cold grave!"—The dying innocent hearing this exclamation, pronounced theſe words: "Tommy won't leave you, my dear mamma——if death comes to take Tommy, papa ſhall drive him away with his ſword." This addreſs deprived the wretched mother of all reſignation to the will of Providence. She tore her hair, daſhed herſelf on the pavement, ſhrieked aloud, and was carried off in a deplorable ſtate of diſtraction.

That

That ſame evening the lovely babe expired, and the father grew frantic. He made an attempt on his own life; and being with difficulty reſtrained, his agitation ſunk into a kind of ſudden inſenſibility, which ſeemed to abſorb all ſentiment, and gradually vulgarized his faculty of thinking. In order to diſſipate the violence of his ſorrow, he continually ſhifted the ſcene from one company to another, contracted abundance of low connexions, and drowned his cares in repeated intoxication. The unhappy lady underwent a long ſeries of hyſterical fits and other complaints, which ſeemed to have a fatal effect on her brain as well as conſtitution. Cordials were adminiſtred to keep up her ſpirits; and ſhe found it neceſſary to protract the uſe of them to blunt the edge of grief, by overwhelming reflexion, and remove the ſenſe of uneaſineſs ariſing from a diſorder in her ſtomach. In a word, ſhe became an habitual dram-drinker; and this practice expoſed her to ſuch communication as debauched

her reaſon, and perverted her ſenſe of decorum and propriety. She and her huſband gave a looſe to vulgar exceſs, in which they were enabled to indulge by the charity and intereſt of ſome friends, who obtained half-pay for the captain. They are now metamorphoſed into the ſhocking creatures you have ſeen; he into a riotous plebeian, and ſhe into a ragged trull. They are both drunk every day, quarrel and fight one with another, and often inſult their fellow-priſoners. Yet they are not wholly abandoned by virtue and humanity. The captain is ſcrupulouſly honeſt in all his dealings, and pays off his debts punctually every quarter, as ſoon as he receives his half-pay. Every priſoner in diſtreſs is welcome to ſhare his money while it laſts; and his wife never fails, while it is in her power, to relieve the wretched; ſo that their generoſity, even in this miſerable diſguiſe, is univerſally reſpected by their neighbours. Sometimes the recollection of their former rank comes over them like

like a qualm, which they diſpel with brandy, and then humorouſly rally one another on their mutual degeneracy. She often ſtops me in the walk, and, pointing to the captain, ſays, "My huſband, tho' he is become a black-guard jail-bird, muſt be allowed to be an handſome fellow ſtill."—On the other hand, he will frequently deſire me to take notice of his rib, as ſhe chances to paſs.— "Mind that draggle-tail'd drunken drab—(he will ſay) what an antidote it is—yet, for all that, Felton, ſhe was a fine woman when I married her——Poor Beſs, I have been the ruin of her, that is certain, and deſerve to be damned for bringing her to this paſs."

Thus they accommodate themſelves to each other's infirmities, and paſs their time not without ſome taſte of plebeian enjoyment——but, name their child, they never fail to burſt into tears, and ſtill feel a return of the moſt poignant ſorrow."

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear this ſtory unmoved. Tom Clark's cheeks

cheeks were bedewed with the drops of ſympathy, while with much ſobbing, he declared his opinion, that an action would lie againſt the lady's father.—Captain Crowe having liſtened to the ſtory, with uncommon attention, expreſſed his concern that an honeſt ſeaman ſhould be ſo taken in ſtays: but he imputed all his calamities to the wife: "For why? (ſaid he) a ſea-faring man may have a ſweetheart in every port; but he ſhould ſteer clear of a wife, as he would avoid a quick-ſand.—You ſee, brother, how this here Clewlin lags aſtern in the wake of a ſniveling b—; otherwiſe he would never make a weft in his enſign for the loſs of a child—— odds heart! he could have done no more if he had ſprung a top-maſt, or ſtarted a timber.—"

The knight declaring that he would take another view of the priſon in the afternoon, Mr. Felton inſiſted upon his doing him the honour to drink a diſh of tea in his apartment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation.

Thither

Thither they accordingly repaired, after having made another circuit of the jail, and the tea-things were produced by Mrs. Felton, when ſhe was ſummoned to the door, and in a few minutes returning, communicated ſomething in a whiſper to her huſband. He changed colour, and repaired to the ſtair-caſe, where he was heard to talk aloud in an angry tone. When he came back he told the company he had been teazed by a very importunate beggar. Addreſſing himſelf to our adventurer, "You took notice (ſays he) of a fine lady flaunting about our walk in all the frippery of the faſhion. —She was lately a gay young widow that made a great figure at the court end of the town; ſhe diſtinguiſhed herſelf by her ſplendid equipage, her rich liveries, her brilliant aſſemblies, her numerous routs, and her elegant taſte in dreſs and furniture. She is nearly related to ſome of the beſt families in England, and, it muſt be owned, miſtreſs of many fine accompliſhments.

ments. But being deficient in true delicacy, ſhe endeavoured to hide that defect by affectation. She pretended to a thouſand antipathies which did not belong to her nature. A breaſt of veal threw her into mortal agonies. If ſhe ſaw a ſpider ſhe ſcreamed; and at ſight of a mouſe ſhe fainted away. She could not without horror behold an entire joint of meat; and nothing but fricaſſees and other made-diſhes were ſeen upon her table. She cauſed all her floors to be lined with green bays, that ſhe might trip along them with more eaſe and pleaſure. Her footmen wore clogs, which were depoſited in the hall, and both they and her chairmen were laid under the ſtrongeſt injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds per annum, and ſhe made ſhift to ſpend four times that ſum: at lenght it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value; but, far from retrenching, ſhe ſeemed to increaſe in extravagance until her effects were taken in execution, and her perſon

ſon here depoſited in ſafe cuſtody. When one conſiders the abrupt tranſition ſhe underwent from her ſpacious apartments to an hovel ſcarce eight feet ſquare; from ſumptuous furniture to bare benches; from magnificence to meanneſs; from affluence to extreme poverty; one would imagine ſhe muſt have been totally overwhelmed by ſuch a ſudden guſh of miſery. But this was not the caſe: ſhe has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She forthwith accommodated herſelf to the exigency of her fortune; yet ſhe ſtill affects to keep ſtate amidſt the miſeries of a goal; and this affectation is truly ridiculous.—She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon: ſhe maintains a female attendant for the ſole purpoſe of dreſſing her perſon. Her cabin is the leaſt cleanly in the whole priſon; ſhe has learned to eat bread and cheeſe, and drink porter; bnt ſhe always appears once a day dreſſed in the pink of the faſhion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's ſhop, the baker's, and the tap-

tap-houſe, tho' there is nothing got in this place but with ready money: ſhe has even borrowed ſmall ſums from divers priſoners, who were themſelves on the brink of ſtarving. She takes pleaſure in being ſurrounded with duns, obſerving, that by ſuch people a perſon of faſhion is to be diſtinguiſhed. She writes circular letters to her former friends and acquaintance, and by this method has raiſed pretty conſiderable contributions; for ſhe writes in a moſt elegant and irreſiſtible ſtile. About a fortnight ago ſhe received a ſupply of twenty guineas; when, inſtead of paying her little goal-debts, or withdrawing any part of her apparel from pawn, ſhe laid out the whole ſum in a faſhionable ſuit and laces; and next day borrowed of me a ſhilling to purchaſe a neck of mutton for her dinner——She ſeems to think her rank in life intitles her to this kind of aſſiſtance. She talks very pompouſly of her family and connexions, by whom, however, ſhe has been long renounced.

She

She has no ſympathy nor compaſſion for the diſtreſſes of her fellow-creatures; but ſhe is perfectly well bred; ſhe bears a repulſe the beſt of any woman I ever knew; and her temper has never been once ruffled ſince her arrival at the King's-bench—She now intreated me to lend her half a guinea, for which ſhe ſaid ſhe had the moſt preſſing occaſion, and promiſed upon her honour it ſhould be repaid to-morrow; but I lent a deaf ear to her requeſt, and told her in plain terms that her honour was already bankrupt.—"

Sir Launcelot thruſting his hand mechanically into his pocket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and deſired Felton to accommodate her with that trifle in his own name; but he declined the propoſal, and refuſed to touch the money. "God forbid, (ſaid he) that I ſhould attempt to thwart your charitable intention: but this, my good ſir, is no object——ſhe has many reſources. Neither ſhould we number the clamorous beggar among

among thoſe who really feel diſtreſs. He is generally gorged with bounty miſapplied. The liberal hand of charity ſhould be extended to modeſt want that pines in ſilence, encountering cold, and nakedneſs, and hunger, and every ſpecies of diſtreſs. Here you may find the wretch of keen ſenſations, blaſted by accident in the bloſſom of his fortune, ſhivering in the ſolitary receſs of indigence, diſdaining to beg, and even aſhamed to let his miſery be known. Here you may ſee the parent who has known happier times, ſurrounded by his tender offſpring, naked and forlorn, demanding food, which his circumſtances cannot afford.—That man of decent appearance and melancholy aſpect, who lifted his hat as you paſſed him in the yard, is a perſon of unblemiſhed character. He was a reputable tradeſman in the city, and failed through inevitable loſſes. A commiſſion of bankruptcy was taken out againſt him by his ſole creditor, a quaker, who refuſed to ſign his certificate. He has

lived

lived theſe three years in priſon, with a wife and five ſmall children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten ſhillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give ſecurity for paying the remainder in three years, by inſtallments. The honeſt quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any diſhoneſt practices; but he rejected the propoſal with the moſt mortifying indifference, declaring that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his houſe, and kneeled before him with her five lovely children, imploring mercy with tears and exclamations. He ſtood this ſcene unmoved, and even ſeemed to enjoy the proſpect, wearing the looks of complacency while his heart was ſteeled with rancour. "Woman, (ſaid he) theſe be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtured. Go thy ways in peace; I have taken my reſolution." Her friends maintained the family for ſome time; but it is not in human charity to perſevere: ſome of them died; ſome

ſome of them grew unfortunate; ſome of them fell off; and now the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence, from whence he has no proſpect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have beſtowed upon the lady would make this poor man and his family ſing with joy."

He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words when our hero deſired the man might be called, and in a few minutes he entered the apartment with a low obeiſance. "Mr. Coleby, (ſaid the knight) I have heard how cruelly you have been uſed by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling preſent, if it can be of any ſervice to you in your diſtreſs." So ſaying, he put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was ſo confounded at ſuch an unlooked-for acquiſition, that he ſtood motionleſs and ſilent, unable to thank the donor; and Mr. Felton conveyed him to the door, obſerving that his heart was too full for utterance. But, in a little time, his wife burſting into the room with her five children,

looked

looked around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed: "This is the angel ſent by Providence to ſuccour me and my poor innocents." Then falling at his feet, ſhe preſſed his hand and bathed it with her tears——He raiſed her up with that complacency which was natural to his diſpoſition. He kiſſed all her children, who were remarkably handſome and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, aſſured her ſhe might always apply to him in her diſtreſs.

After her departure, he produced a bank-note for twenty pounds, and would have depoſited it in the hands of Mr. Felton, to be diſtributed in charities among the objects of the place; but he deſired it might be left with Mr. Norton, who was the proper perſon for managing his benevolence; and he promiſed to aſſiſt the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

In which Capt. Crowe *is ſublimed into the Regions of Aſtrology.*

THREE whole days had our adventurer proſecuted his inquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he ſought in every place of public and of private entertainment, or reſort, without obtaining the leaſt ſatisfactory intelligence, when he received one evening, from the hands of a porter, who inſtantly vaniſhed, the following billet: "If you would learn the particulars of Miſs Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling Hoſpital, preciſely at ſeven o'clock this evening, when you ſhall be met by a perſon who will give you the ſatisfaction you deſire, together with his reaſon for addreſſing you in this myſterious manner.—" Had this intimation concerned any other ſubject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himſelf in what manner he ſhould take a hint ſo darkly communicated:

nicated: but his eagerneſs to retrieve the jewel he had loſt, diveſted him of all his caution; the time of aſſignation was already at hand, and neither the captain nor his nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been diſpoſed to make uſe of their attendance. He therefore, after a moment's heſitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmoſt agitation and anxiety, leſt the hour ſhould be elapſed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of thoſe defective ſpirits, who cannot ſubſiſt for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could diſburthen his cares, his doubts, and his humours: an humble friend who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate, free of all reſerve and reſtraint. Though he loved his nephew's perſon, and admired his parts, he conſidered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who preſumed upon his ſuperior underſtanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was ſome-

thing in his character that overawed the ſeaman, and kept him at a diſagreeable diſtance. He had, in this dilemma, caſt his eyes upon Timothy Crabſhaw, and admitted him to a conſiderable ſhare of familiarity and fellowſhip. Theſe companions had been emyloyed in ſmoaking a ſocial pipe at an alehouſe in the neighbourhood, when the knight made his excurſion; and returning to the houſe about ſupper-time, found Mr. Clarke in waiting. The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten, without ſeeing our adventurer, who had been uſed to be extremely regular in his œconomy; and the captain and he ſupped in profound ſilence. Finding, upon enquiry among the ſervants, that the knight went out abruptly, in conſequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be viſited with the apprehenſion of a duel, and ſat the beſt part of the night by his uncle, ſweating with the expectation of ſeeing our hero brought home a breathleſs corſe: but no tidings

ings of him arriving, he, about two in the morning, repaired to his own lodging, reſolved to publiſh a deſcription of Sir Launcelot in the news-papers, if he ſhould not appear next day. Crowe did not paſs the time without uneaſineſs. He was extremely concerned at the thought of ſome miſchief having befallen his friend and patron; and he was terrified with the apprehenſion, that in caſe Sir Launcelot was murdered, his ſpirit might come and give him notice of his fate. Now he had an inſuperable averſion to all correſpondence with the dead; and taking it for granted, that the ſpirit of his departed friend could not appear to him except when he ſhould be alone, and a-bed in the dark, he determined to paſs the remainder of the night without going to bed. For this purpoſe his firſt care was to viſit the garret, in which Timothy Crabſhaw lay faſt aſleep, ſnoring with his mouth wide open. Him the captain with difficulty rouſed, by dint of promiſing to regale him with a bowl of rum

punch in the kitchen, where the fire, which had been extinguiſhed, was ſoon rekindled. The ingredients were fetched from a public-houſe in the neighbourhood; for the captain was too proud to uſe his intereſt in the knight's family, eſpecially at theſe hours when all the reſt of the ſervants had retired to their repoſe; and he and Timothy drank together until day-break, the converſation turning upon hobgoblins, and God's revenge againſt murder. The cookmaid lay in a little apartment contiguous to the kitchen; and whether diſturbed by theſe horrible tales of apparitions, or titillated by the ſavoury ſteams that iſſued from the punch-bowl, ſhe made a virtue of neceſſity, or appetite, and dreſſing herſelf in the dark, ſuddenly appeared before them, to the no ſmall perturbation of both. Timothy, in particular, was ſo ſtartled, that in his endeavours to make an haſty retreat towards the chimney corner, he overturned the table; the liquor was ſpilt, but the bowl was ſaved by falling on a heap

of

of aſhes. Mrs. Cook having reprimanded him for his fooliſh fear, declared ſhe had got up betimes, in order to ſcour her ſaucepans; and the captain propoſed to have the bowl repleniſhed, if materials could be procured. This difficulty was overcome by Crabſhaw; and they ſat down with their new aſſociate to diſcuſs the ſecond edition. The knight's ſudden diſappearing being brought upon the carpet, their female companion gave it as her opinion, that nothing would be ſo likely to bring this affair to light, as going to a cunning man, whom ſhe had lately conſulted about a ſilver ſpoon that was miſlaid, and who told her all the things that ſhe ever did, and ever would happen to her through the whole courſe of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence; and Crowe aſked if the ſpoon had been found? She anſwered in the affirmative, and ſaid, the cunning man deſcribed to a hair the perſon that ſhould be her true love, and her wedded huſ-

band: that he was a ſea-faring man; that he was pretty well ſtricken in years; a little paſſionate or ſo; and that he went with his fingers clinched like, as it were. The captain began to ſweat at this deſcription, and mechanically thruſt his hands into his pockets, while Crabſhaw, pointing to him, told her he believed ſhe had got the right ſow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that may hap for all that he ſhould not be brought up by ſuch a grappling neither. Then he aſked if this cunning man dealt with the devil, declaring, in that caſe he would keep clear of him: for why? becauſe he muſt have ſold himſelf to old ſcratch; and being a ſervant of the devil, how could he be a good ſubject to his majeſty? Mrs. Cook aſſured him, the conjurer was a good chriſtian; and that he gained all his knowledge by converſing with the ſtars and planets. Thus ſatisfied, the two friends reſolved to conſult him as ſoon as it ſhould be light; and being directed to the place of his habitation,

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ſet out for it by ſeven in the morning. They found the houſe forſaken, and had already reached the end of the lane in their return, when they were accoſted by an old woman, who gave them to underſtand, that if they had occaſion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as ſhe did ſuppoſe they had, from their ſtopping at the houſe where Dr. Grubble lived, ſhe would conduct them to a perſon of much more eminence in that profeſſion; at the ſame time ſhe informed them, that the ſaid Grubble had been lately ſent to Bridewell; a circumſtance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foreſee. The captain, without any ſcruple, put himſelf and his companion under convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous houſe, ſtanding in a blind alley; which door having opened with a key drawn from her pocket, ſhe introduced them into a parlour, where they ſaw no other furniture than a naked bench, and ſome frightful fi-

gures on the bare walls, drawn, or rather ſcrawled with charcoal. Here ſhe left them locked in, until ſhe ſhould give the doctor notice of their arrival; and they amuſed themſelves with decyphering theſe characters and hieroglyphics. The firſt figure that engaged their attention, was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both conſidered as an unfavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own perſon. Crabſhaw obſerved, that the figure ſo ſuſpended was cloathed in a ſailor's jacket and trowſers; a truth which the captain could not deny; but on the other hand he affirmed, that the ſaid figure exhibited the very noſe and chin of Timothy, together with the hump on one ſhoulder. A warm diſpute enſued; and being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have diſſolved the new-cemented friendſhip of theſe two originals, had it not been interrupted by the old ſybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them

them above. She likewiſe told them that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occaſioned a freſh conteſt: the captain inſiſted upon Crabſhaw's making ſail a-head, in order to look out afore; but Timothy perſiſted in refuſing this honour, declaring he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentlewoman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabſhaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other. The former was dragged up ſtairs like a bear to the ſtake, not without reluctance and terror, which did not at all abate at ſight of the conjurer, with whom he was immediately ſhut up by his conductreſs; after ſhe had told him in a whiſper, that he muſt depoſit a ſhilling in a little black coffin, ſupported by a human ſkull and thigh bones croſſed, on a ſtool covered with black bays, that ſtood in one corner of the apartment. The ſquire having made this offering with fear and trembling, ventured to ſurvey the objects around

him, which were very well calculated to augment his confuſion. He ſaw divers ſkeletons hung by the head; the ſtuffed ſkin of a young alligator, a calf with two heads, and ſeveral ſnakes ſuſpended from the cieling, with the jaws of a ſhark, and a ſtarved weaſle. On another funereal table he beheld two ſpheres, between which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandiſh characters, and mathematical diagrams. On one ſide ſtood an ink-ſtandiſh with paper, and behind this deſk appeared the conjurer himſelf in ſable veſtments, his head ſo overſhadowed with hair, that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could diſtinguiſh nothing but a long white beard, which, for ought he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as to a two-legged aſtrologer.

This apparition, which the ſquire did not eye without manifeſt diſcompoſure, extending a white wand, made certain evolutions over the head of Timothy, and having muttered an ejacula-

culation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward and declare his name. Crabſhaw thus adjured advanced to the altar; and whether from deſign, or (which is more probable) from confuſion, anſwered "Samuel Crowe." The conjurer taking up the pen, and making a few ſcratches on the paper, exclaimed in a terrific accent; "How! miſcreant! attempt to impoſe upon the ſtars?—you look more like a *crab* than a *crow*, and was born under the ſign of Cancer." The ſquire, almoſt annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying, "I pray yaw, my lord conjurer's worſhip, pardon my ignorance, and down't go to baind me oover to the Red Sea like——I'ſe a poor Yorkſhire tyke, and wou'd no more cheat the ſtars than I'd cheat my own vather, as the ſaying is——a muſt be a good hand at *trapping*, that catches the ſtarns a *napping*——but as your honour's worſhip obſerved, my name is Tim Crabſhaw, of the Eaſt Raiding, groom and ſquair to Sir

Launcelot Greaves, baron knaight, and arrant knaight, who ran mad for a wench, as your worſhip's conjuration well knoweth :— the perſon below is captain Crowe; and we coom by Margery Cook's recommendation to ſeek after my maſter, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord he knows how and where."

Here he was interrupted by the conjurer, who exhorted him to ſit down and compoſe himſelf until he ſhould caſt a figure: then he ſcrawled the paper, and waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberiſh concerning the number, the names, the houſes, and revolutions of the planets, with their conjunctions, oppoſitions, ſigns, circles, cycles, trines, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had its proper effect in diſturbing the brain of Crabſhaw, he proceeded to tell him from the ſtars, that his name was Crabſhaw, or Crabſclaw; that he was born in the Eaſt-riding of Yorkſhire, of poor, yet honeſt parents, and had ſome ſkill in horſes:

horſes; that he ſerved a gentleman, whoſe name began with the letter G ——, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family; but whether he would return alive or dead the ſtars had not yet determined. Poor Timothy was thunderſtruck to find the conjurer acquainted with all theſe circumſtances, and begged to know if he mought be ſo bauld as to ax a queſtion or two about his own fortune. The aſtrologer pointing to the little coffin, our ſquire underſtood the hint, and depoſited another ſhilling. The ſage had recourſe to his book, erected another ſcheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand, and having recited another myſtical preamble, expounded the book of fate in theſe words: "You ſhall neither die by war nor water, by hunger or by thirſt, nor be brought to the grave by old age or diſtemper; but, let me ſee—ay, the ſtars will have it ſo,—— you ſhall be—exalted—hah!—— ay, that is——hanged for horſe-ſtealing" —— "O, good my lord conjurer! (roared

(roared the ſquire) I'd as lief give forty ſhillings as be hanged."— "Peace, firrah! (cried the other) would you contradict or reverſe the immutable decrees of fate. Hanging is your deſtiny; and hanged you ſhall be—and comfort yourſelf with the reflection, that as you are not the firſt, ſo neither will you be the laſt to ſwing on Tyburn-tree." This comfortable aſſurance compoſed the mind of Timothy, and in a great meaſure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded in a whining tone, to aſk whether he ſhould ſuffer for the firſt fact? whether it would be for a horſe or a mare? and of what colour? that he might know when his hour was come."——The conjurer gravely anſwered, that he would ſteal a dappled gelding on a Wedneſday; be caſt at the Old Baily on Thurſday, and ſuffer on a Friday; and he ſtrenuouſly recommended it to him, to appear in the cart with a noſegay in one hand, and the Whole Duty of Man in the other." "But if in caſe it ſhould be

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in the winter (ſaid the ſquire) when a noſegay can't be had"——Why then (replied the conjurer) an orange will do as well." Theſe material points being adjuſted to the entire ſatisfaction of Timothy, he declared he would beſtow another ſhilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deſerve ſo much at his hands; but he could not help loving him better than e'er a friend he had in the world. So ſaying, he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and deſired to know the fate of his horſe Gilbert. The aſtrologer having again conſulted his art, pronounced, that Gilbert would die of the ſtaggers, and his carcaſe be given to the hounds; a ſentence, which made a much deeper impreſſion upon Crabſhaw's mind, than did the prediction of his own untimely and diſgraceful fate. He ſhed a plenteous ſhower of tears, and his grief broke forth in ſome paſſionate expreſſions of tenderneſs:—at length he told the aſtrologer he would go and ſend up the captain, who wanted to conſult him

him about Margery Cook, becauſe as how ſhe had informed him that Dr. Grubble had deſcribed juſt ſuch another man as the captain for her true love; and he had no great ſtomach to the match, if ſo be as the ſtars were not bent upon their coming together. Accordingly the ſquire being diſmiſſed by the conjurer, deſcended to the parlour with a rueful length of face; which being perceived by the captain, he demanded "What cheer, ho?" with ſome ſigns of apprehenſion. Crabſhaw making no return to this ſalute, he aſked if the conjurer had taken an obſervation, and told him any thing? Then the other replied, he had told him more than he deſired to know. "Why, an that be the caſe, (ſaid the ſeaman) I have no occaſion to go aloft this trip, brother." This evaſion would not ſerve his turn: old Tiſiphone was at hand, and led him up growling into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed to the coffin, where he preſent-

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ed half a crown, in hope of rendering the fates more propitious, the uſual ceremony was performed; and the doctor addreſſed him in theſe words: "Approach, Raven." The captain advancing, "You an't much miſtaken, brother, (ſaid he) heave your eye into the binnacle, and box your compaſs; you'll find I'm a Crowe, not a Raven, tho'f indeed they be both fowls of a feather, as the ſaying is."——"I know it; (cried the conjurer) thou art a northern crow,—a ſea crow; not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon:—a crow to be plucked,—to be flayed,— to be baſted,— to be broiled by Margery upon the gridiron of matrimony——" The novice changing colour at this denunciation, "I do underſtand your ſignals, brother, (ſaid he) and if it be ſet down in the log-book of fate, that we muſt grapple, why then, 'ware timbers. But as I know how the land lies, d'ye ſee, and the current of my inclination ſets me off, I ſhall haul up cloſe to the wind, and mayhap we ſhall clear Cape Margery.

gery. But, howſomever, we ſhall leave that reef in the foretopſail:—— I was bound upon another voyage, d'ye ſee——to look and to ſee, and to know, if ſo be as how I could pick up any intelligence along ſhore, concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who ſlipped his cable laſt night, and has loſt company, d'ye ſee." "What! (exclaimed the cunning man) art thou a crow, and can'ſt not ſmell carrion? If thou wouldſt grieve for Greaves, behold his naked carcaſe lies unburied to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens.——' "What, broach'd to?" "Dead! as a boil'd lobſter." "Odd's heart! friend, theſe are the heavieſt tidings I have heard theſe ſeven long years—there muſt have been deadly odds when he lowered his topſails—Smite my eyes! I had rather the Mufti had foundered at ſea, with myſelf and all my generation on board—well fare thy ſoul, flower of the world! had honeſt Sam Crowe been within hail——but what ſignifies palavering." Here the tears

of

of unaffected ſorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the ſeaman's cheeks:—then his grief giving way to his indignation, "Hark ye, brother conjurer, (ſaid he) you that can ſpy foul weather before it comes, damn your eyes! why did not you give us warning of this here ſquall? Blaſt my limbs! I'll make you give an account of this here damned, horrid, confounded murder, d'ye ſee—mayhap you yourſelf was concerned, d'ye ſee. ——For my own part, brother, I put my truſt in God, and ſteer by the compaſs; and I value not your pawwawing, and your conjuration, of a rope's end, d'ye ſee."——The conjurer was by no means pleaſed, either with the matter, or the manner of this addreſs. He therefore began to ſoothe the captain's choler, by repreſenting that he did not pretend to omniſcience, which was the attribute of God alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect; and all that it could perform, was to diſcover certain partial circumſtances of any particular object

ject to which its enquiries were directed: that being queſtioned by the other man, concerning the cauſe of his maſter's diſappearing, he had exerciſed his ſkill upon the ſubject, and found reaſon to believe that Sir Launcelot was aſſaſſinated; that he ſhould think himſelf happy in being the inſtrument of bringing the murderers to juſtice, though he foreſaw they would of themſelves ſave him that trouble; for they would quarrel about dividing the ſpoil, and one would give information againſt the other.

The proſpect of this ſatisfaction appeaſed the reſentment, and, in ſome meaſure, mitigated the grief of captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony; and being joined by Crabſhaw, proceeded with a heavy heart to the houſe of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domeſtics at breakfaſt, without exhibiting the leaſt ſymptom of concern for their abſent maſter. Crowe had been wiſe enough to conceal from Crabſhaw what he had learned of the knight's

fate.

fate. This fatal intelligence he reſerved for the ear of his nephew, Mr. Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the ſquire, he did nothing but ruminate in rueful ſilence upon the dappled gelding, the noſegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert. Him he forthwith viſited in the ſtable, and ſaluted with the kiſs of peace. Then he bemoaned his fortune with tears, and by the ſound of his own lamentation, was lulled aſleep among the litter.

CHAP. XXIII.

In which the Clouds that cover the cataſtrophe begin to diſperſe.

WE muſt now leave Capt. Crowe and his nephew Mr. Clarke, arguing with great vehemence about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjurer, and penetrate at once the veil that concealed our hero. Know then, reader, that Sir Launcelot Greaves, repairing to the place deſcribed in the billet which he had received,

received, was accoſted by a perſon muffled in a cloak, who began to amuſe him with a feigned ſtory of Aurelia; to which, while he liſtened with great attention, he found himſelf ſuddenly ſurrounded by armed men, who ſeized and pinioned down his arms, took away his ſword, and conveyed him by force into a hackney-coach provided for the purpoſe. In vain he expoſtulated on this violence with three perſons who accompanied him in the vehicle. He could not extort one word by way of reply; and, from their gloomy aſpects, he began to be apprehenſive of aſſaſſination. Had the carriage paſſed through any unfrequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants; but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houſes.

After having travelled about two miles, the coach ſtopped at a large iron-gate, which being opened, our adventurer was led in ſilence thro' a ſpacious

a ſpacious houſe into a tolerably decent apartment, which he underſtood was intended for his bed-chamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was viſited by a man of no very prepoſſeſſing appearance, who endeavoured to ſmoothe his countenance, which was naturally ſtern, welcomed our adventurer to his houſe; exhorted him to be of good cheer, aſſuring him he ſhould want for nothing; and deſired to know what he would chooſe for ſupper.

Sir Launcelot, in anſwer to this civil addreſs, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reaſons for which his arms were tied like thoſe of the worſt malefactor. The other poſtponed till tomorrow the explanation he demanded; but, in the mean time, unbound his fetters, and as he declined eating, left him alone to his repoſe. He took care, however, in retiring, to double-lock the door of the room, whoſe windows were grated on the outſide with iron.

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The knight, being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the preſent adventure with equal ſurprize and concern; but the more he revolved circumſtances, the more was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the ſtate of the mind, a very ſubtle philoſopher is often puzzled by a very plain propoſition; and this was the caſe of our adventurer—What made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on ſuſpicion of treaſonable practices, by a warrant from the ſecretary of ſtate, in conſequence of ſome falſe malicious information; and that his priſon was no other than the houſe of a meſſenger, ſet apart for the accommodation of ſuſpected perſons. In this opinion, he comforted himſelf by recollecting his own conſcious innocence, and reflecting that he ſhould be intitled to the privilege of habeas corpus, as the act including that ineſtimable jewel, was happily not ſuſpended at this time.

Conſoled

Conſoled by this ſelf-aſſurance, he quietly reſigned himſelf to ſlumber; but, before he fell aſleep, he was very diſagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once ſaluted with a noiſe from the next room, conveyed in diſtinct bounces againſt the wainſcot; then an hoarſe voice exclaimed, "Bring up the artillery—let Brutandorf's brigade advance—detach my black huſſars to ravage the country—let them be new-booted—take particular care of the ſpur-leathers———make a deſert of Luſatia—bombard the ſuburbs of Pera—go, tell my brother Henry to paſs the Elbe at Meiſſen with forty battalions and fifty ſquadrons—ſo ho, you major-general Donder, why don't you finiſh your ſecond parallel?———ſend hither the engineer Schittenbach———I'll lay all the ſhoes in my ſhop, the breach will be practicable in four and twenty hours—don't tell me of your works—you and your works may be damn'd"—

"Aſſuredly, (cried another voice from a different quarter) he that

thinks to be ſaved by works is in a ſtate of utter reprobation——I myſelf was a prophane weaver, and truſted to the rottenneſs of works—I kept my journeymen and 'prentices at conſtant work; and my heart was ſet upon the riches of this world, which was a wicked work—but now I have got a glimpſe of the new-light——I feel the operations of grace—I am of the new birth—I abhor good works—I deteſt all working but the working of the ſpirit——Avaunt, Satan—O! how I thirſt for communication with our ſiſter Jolly"——

"The communication is already open with the Marche, (ſaid the firſt) but as for thee, thou caitif, who haſt preſumed to diſparage my works, I'll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy's quarters."

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place; one ſwore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noiſe confounded his calculation:

culation: a ſecond, in broken Engliſh, complained he was diſtorped in the moment of de proſhection——a third, in the character of his holineſs, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas; and ſwore by St. Peter's keys, they ſhould howl ten thouſand years in purgatory, without the benefit of a ſingle maſs. A fourth began to hollow in all the vociferation of a fox-hunter in the chace; and in an inſtant the whole houſe was in an uproar——The clamour, however, was of a ſhort duration. The different chambers being opened ſucceſſively, every individual was effectually ſilenced by the ſound of one cabaliſtical word, which was no other than *waiſtcoat*: a charm which at once cowed the king of P——, diſpoſſeſſed the fanatic, dumbfounded the mathematician, diſmayed the alchemiſt, depoſed the pope, and deprived the 'ſquire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt concerning the place to which he had been conveyed; and the more

he reflected on his ſituation, the more he was overwhelmed with the moſt perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whoſe means he had been immured in a mad-houſe; but he heartily repented of his knight-errantry, as a frolic which might have very ſerious conſequences, with reſpect to his future life and fortune. After mature deliberation, he reſolved to demean himſelf with the utmoſt circumſpection, well knowing that every violent tranſport would be interpreted into an undeniable ſymptom of inſanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his jailor by a due adminiſtration of that which is generally more efficacious than all the flowers of elocution; but when he roſe in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully examined, and emptied of all his papers and caſh.

The keeper entering, he enquired about theſe particulars, and was given to underſtand that they were all ſafely depoſited for his uſe, to be

forthcoming at a proper ſeaſon: but, at preſent, as he ſhould want for nothing, he had no occaſion for money. The knight acquieſced in this declaration, and eat his breakfaſt in quiet. About eleven, he received a viſit from the phyſician, who contemplated his looks with great ſolemnity; and having examined his pulſe, ſhook his head, ſaying, "Well, Sir, how d'ye do?——come, don't be dejected——every thing is for the beſt—you are in very good hands, Sir, I aſſure you: and I dare ſay will refuſe nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health."——

"Doctor, (ſaid our hero) if it is not an improper queſtion to aſk, I ſhould be glad to know your opinion of my diſorder"—"O! Sir, as to that—(replied the phyſician) your diſorder is a—kind of a——Sir, 'tis very common in this country——a ſort of a"—"Do you think my diſtemper is madneſs, doctor?"——"O Lord! Sir,—not abſolute madneſs—no—not madneſs—you have heard, no doubt,

of what is called a weakneſs of the nerves, Sir,—tho' that is a very inaccurate expreſſion; for this phraſe, denoting a morbid exceſs of ſenſation, ſeems to imply that ſenſation itſelf is owing to the looſe coheſion of thoſe material particles which conſtitute the nervous ſubſtance, inaſmuch as the quantity of every effect muſt be proportionable to its cauſe; now you'll pleaſe to take notice, Sir, if the caſe were really what theſe words ſeem to import, all bodies, whoſe particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous; that is, endued with ſenſation—Sir, I ſhall order ſome cooling things to keep you in due temperature; and you'll do very well—Sir, your humble ſervant."

So ſaying, he returned, and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man ſhould not dare to aſk the moſt ordinary queſtion without being reputed mad, while another ſhould talk nonſenſe by the hour, and yet be eſteemed as an oracle—The maſter of the houſe finding

ing Sir Launcelot ſo tame and tractable, indulged him after dinner with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a ſervant who followed him at a diſtance. Here he was ſaluted by a brother priſoner, a man ſeemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with ſtaring eyes, a hook-noſe, and a face covered with pimples.

The uſual compliments having paſſed, the ſtranger, without further ceremony, aſked if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could ſpare him a mouthful of any ſort of cordial, declaring he had not taſted brandy ſince he came to the houſe—The knight aſſured him it was not in his power to comply with his requeſt; and began to aſk ſome queſtions relating to the character of their landlord, which the ſtranger repreſented in very unfavourable colours. He deſcribed him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkeſt ſchemes of villainy. He ſaid his houſe was a repoſitory of the moſt flagrant iniquities: that it contained fathers kidnap-

ped by their children, wives confined by their huſbands, gentlemen of fortune ſequeſtered by their relations, and innocent perſons immured by the malice of their adverſaries. He aſſirmed this was his own caſe; and aſked if our hero had never heard of Dick Diſtich, the poet and ſatiriſt. "Ben Bullock and I (ſaid he) were confident againſt the world in arms—did you never ſee his ode to me beginning with "Fair blooming youth." We were ſworn brothers, admired and praiſed, and quoted each other, Sir: we denounced war againſt all the world, actors, authors, and critics; and having drawn the ſword, threw away the ſcabbard——we puſhed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed helter ſkelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age, as the Bœotian band of Thebes. My friend Bullock, indeed, was once rolled in the kennel; but ſoon

He vig'rous roſe, and from th' effluvia ſtrong
Imbib'd new life, and ſcour'd and ſtunk along.

Here

Here is a ſatire, which I wrote in an alehouſe when I was drunk—I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife: I fancy you'll own I have ſome right to ſay with my friend Horace,

Qui me commorit, melius non tangere clamo;
Flebit et inſignis toto cantabitur urbe.—

The knight, having peruſed the papers, declared his opinion that the verſes were tolerably good; but at the ſame time obſerved that the author had reviled as ignorant dunces ſeveral perſons who had writ with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius: a circumſtance that would detract more from his candour, than could be allowed to his capacity.

"Damn their genius! (cried the ſatyriſt) a pack of impertinent raſcals! I tell you, Sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to cruſh all that were not of our own party—beſides,

I ſaid before, this piece was written in drink." "Was you drunk too when it was printed and publiſhed?" "Yes, the printer ſhall make affidavit that I was never otherwiſe than drunk or maudlin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal manſion—"

"They ſeem to have been your beſt friends, (ſaid the knight) and have put the moſt tender interpretation on your conduct; for, waving the plea of inſanity, your character muſt ſtand as that of a man who hath ſome ſmall ſhare of genius, without an atom of integrity—Of all thoſe whom Pope laſhed in his Dunciad, there was not one who did not richly deſerve the imputation of dulneſs; and every one of them had provoked the ſatiriſt by a perſonal attack. In this reſpect the Engliſh poet was much more honeſt than his French pattern Boileau, who ſtigmatized ſeveral men of acknowledged genius; ſuch as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated

brated Lulli; for which reaſon every man of a liberal turn muſt, in ſpite of all his poetical merit, deſpiſe him as a rancorous knave. If this diſingenuous conduct cannot be forgiven in a writer of his ſuperior genius, who will pardon it in you whoſe name is not half emerged from obſcurity?"

"Heark ye, friend, (replied the bard) keep your pardon and your counſel for thoſe who aſk it; or, if you will force them upon people, take one piece of advice in return: If you don't like your preſent ſituation, apply for a committee without delay: they'll find you too much of a fool to have the leaſt tincture of madneſs; and you'll be releaſed without further ſcruple: in that caſe I ſhall rejoice in your deliverance; you will be freed from confinement, and I ſhall be happily deprived of your converſation."

So ſaying, he flew off at a tangent, and our knight could not help ſmiling at the peculiar virulence of his diſpoſition. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured to enter into converſation with

his attendant, by aſking how long Mr. Diſtich had reſided in the houſe; but he might as well have addreſſed himſelf to a Turkiſh mute: the fellow either pretended ignorance, or refuſed an anſwer to every queſtion that was propoſed. He would not even diſcloſe the name of his landlord, nor inform him whereabouts the houſe was ſituated.

Finding himſelf agitated with impatience and indignation, he returned to his apartment, and the door being locked upon him, began to review, not without horror, the particulars of his fate. "How little reaſon (ſaid he to himſelf) have we to boaſt of the bleſſings enjoyed by the Britiſh ſubject, if he holds them on ſuch a precarious tenure: if a man of rank and property may be thus kidnapped even in the midſt of the capital; if he may be ſeized by ruffians, inſulted, robbed, and conveyed to ſuch a priſon as this, from which there ſeems to be no poſſibility of eſcape; Should I be indulged with pen, ink, and paper, and

appeal

appeal to my relations, or to the magiſtrates of my country, my letters would be intercepted by thoſe who ſuperintend my confinement. Should I try to alarm the neighbourhood, my cries would be neglected as thoſe of ſome unhappy lunatic under neceſſary correction. Should I employ the force which heaven has lent me, I might imbrue my hands in blood, and after all find it impoſſible to eſcape through a number of ſucceſſive doors, locks, bolts, and centinels. Should I endeavour to tamper with the ſervant, he might diſcover my deſign, and then I ſhould be abridged of the little comfort I enjoy. People may inveigh againſt the Baſtile in France, and the Inquiſition in Portugal; but I would aſk, if either of theſe be in reality ſo dangerous or dreadful as a private mad-houſe in England, under the direction of a ruffian. The Baſtile is a ſtate priſon, the Inquiſition is a ſpiritual tribunal; but both are under the direction of government. It ſel-

dom,

dom, if ever, happens that a man intirely innocent is confined in either; or, if he ſhould, he lays his account with a legal trial before eſtabliſhed judges. But in England, the moſt innocent perſon upon earth is liable to be immured for life under the pretext of lunacy, ſequeſtered from his wife, children, and friends, robbed of his fortune, deprived even of neceſſaries, and ſubjected to the moſt brutal treatment from a low-bred barbarian, who raiſes an ample fortune on the miſery of his fellow-creatures, and may, during his whole life, practiſe this horrid oppreſſion, without queſtion or controul."

This uncomfortable reverie was interrupted by a very unexpected ſound that ſeemed to iſſue from the other ſide of a thick party-wall. It was a ſtrain of vocal muſic, more plaintive than the widow'd turtle's moan, more ſweet and raviſhing than Philomel's love-warbled ſong. Through his ear it inſtantly pierced into his heart; for at once he recognized it to be the voice

of

of his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what was the agitation of his ſoul, when he made this diſcovery! how did every nerve quiver! how did his heart throb with the moſt violent emotion! He ran round the room in diſtraction, foaming like a lion in the toil—then he placed his ear cloſe to the partition, and liſtened as if his whole ſoul was exerted in his ſenſe of hearing. When the ſound ceaſed to vibrate on his ear, he threw himſelf on the bed; he groaned with anguiſh, he exclaimed in broken accents; and in all probability his heart would have burſt, had not the violence of his ſorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

Theſe firſt tranſports were ſucceeded by a fit of impatience, which had well-nigh deprived him of his ſenſes in good earneſt. His ſurprize at finding his loſt Aurelia in ſuch a place, the ſeeming impoſſibility of relieving her, and his unſpeakable eagerneſs to contrive ſome ſcheme for profiting by the intereſting diſcovery he had made, concurred in brewing up a ſecond extaſy,

taſy, during which he acted a thouſand extravagancies, which it was well for him the attendants did not obſerve. Perhaps it was well for the ſervant that he did not enter while the paroxyſm prevailed: had this been the caſe, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his frenzy deſtroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for ſupper, he was calm enough to conceal the diſorder of his mind: but he complained of the head-ach, and deſired he might be next day viſited by the phyſician, to whom he reſolved to explain himſelf in ſuch a manner, as ſhould make an impreſſion upon him, provided he was not altogether deſtitute of conſcience and humanity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Knot that puzzles human Wiſdom, the Hand of Fortune ſometimes will untie, familiar as her Garter.

WHEN the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addreſſed him in theſe words: "Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the moſt honourable profeſſions exerciſed among the ſons of men; a profeſſion which hath been revered at all periods and in all nations, and even held ſacred in the moſt poliſhed ages of antiquity. The ſcope of it is to preſerve the being, and confirm the health of our fellow-creatures; of conſequence, to ſuſtain the bleſſings of ſociety, and crown life with fruition. The character of a phyſician, therefore, not only ſuppoſes natural ſagacity, and acquired erudition, but it alſo implies every delicacy of ſentiment, every tenderneſs of nature, and every virtue of humanity.

ty. That theſe qualities are centered in you, doctor, I would willingly believe: but it will be ſufficient for my purpoſe, that you are poſſeſſed of common integrity. To whoſe concern I am indebted for your viſits, you beſt know: but if you underſtand the art of medicine, you muſt be ſenſible by this time, that with reſpect to me your preſcriptions are altogether unneceſſary—come, Sir, you cannot—you don't believe that my intellects are diſordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no perſon has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to ſue out a commiſſion, but my neareſt kindred. —That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you ſhall underſtand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves, of the county of York, baronet; and that my neareſt relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheſhire, the eldeſt ſon of my mother's ſiſter—that gentleman, I am ſure, had no concern in ſeducing me by falſe pretences under the clouds of night into

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the fields, where I was ſurpriſed, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me inſane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honeſt men.—But of that right I cannot avail myſelf, while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miſcreant, in whoſe houſe I am incloſed, unleſs you contribute your aſſiſtance. Your aſſiſtance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a chriſtian, and a fellow-ſubject, who, tho' every other motive ſhould be overlooked, ought to intereſt himſelf in my caſe as a common concern, and concur with all your power towards the puniſhment of thoſe who dare commit ſuch outrages againſt the liberty of your country."

The doctor ſeemed to be a little diſconcerted; but after ſome recollection, reſumed his air of ſufficiency and

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importance, and aſſured our adventurer he would do him all the ſervice in his power; but, in the mean time, adviſed him to take the potion he had preſcribed.

The knight's eyes lightning with indignation, "I am now convinced, (cried he) that you are accomplice in the villainy which has been practiſed upon me; that you are a ſordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a diſgrace to the faculty, and a reproach to human nature—yes, ſirrah, you are the moſt perfidious of all aſſaſſins—you are the hireling miniſter of the worſt of all villains; who from motives even baſer than malice, envy, and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madneſs, the moſt cruel ſpecies of ſlander, and wantonly protract their miſery, by leaving them in the moſt ſhocking confinement, a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death—but I will be calm—do me juſtice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legiſlature—if I

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am refuſed,——remember, a day of reckoning will come—you and the reſt of the miſcreants who have combined againſt me, muſt, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourſe to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, or a man of my rank and character cannot be much longer concealed—Tremble, caitif, at the thoughts of my releaſe——in the mean time, be gone, leſt my juſt reſentment impel me to daſh out your brains upon that marble—away—"

The honeſt doctor was not ſo firmly perſuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice, which he made what haſte he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened. That this may be properly introduced, we muſt return to the knight's brace of truſty friends, captain Crowe and lawyer Clarke, whom we left in ſorrowful deliberation upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in reſources than that of the ſeaman, he ſuggeſted an adver-

advertiſement, which was accordingly inſerted in the daily papers; importing that, "Whereas a gentleman of conſiderable rank and fortune had ſuddenly diſappeared on ſuch a night from his houſe near Golden-ſquare, in conſequence of a letter delivered to him by a porter; and there is great reaſon to believe ſome violence hath been offered to his life: any perſon capable of giving ſuch information as may tend to clear up this dark tranſaction, ſhall, by applying to Mr. Thomas Clarke, attorney, at his lodgings in Upper Brook-ſtreet, receive proper ſecurity for the reward of one hundred guineas, to be paid to him upon his making the diſcovery required."

The porter who delivered the letter appeared accordingly, but could give no other information, except that it was put into his hand with a ſhilling, by a man muffled up in a great coat, who ſtopped him for the purpoſe, in his paſſing through Queen-ſtreet. It was neceſſary that the advertiſement ſhould produce an effect upon

upon another perſon, who was no other than the hackney coachman, who drove our hero to the place of his impriſonment. This fellow had been enjoined ſecrecy, and indeed bribed to hold his tongue, by a conſiderable gratification, which, it was ſuppoſed, would have been effectual, as the man was a maſter coachman in good circumſtances, and well known to the keeper of the madhouſe, by whom he had been employed on former occaſions of the ſame nature. Perhaps his fidelity to his employer, reinforced by the hope of many future jobbs of that kind, might have been proof againſt the offer of fifty pounds; but double that ſum was a temptation he could not reſiſt. He no ſooner read the intimation in the Daily Advertiſer, over his morning's pot at an ale-houſe, than he entered into conſultation with his own thoughts; and having no reaſon to doubt that this was the very fare he had conveyed, he reſolved to earn the reward, and abſtain from all ſuch adven-

ventures in time coming. He had the precaution, however, to take an attorney along with him to Mr. Clarke, who entered into a conditional bond; and, with the aſſiſtance of his uncle, depoſited the money, to be forthcoming when the conditions ſhould be fulfilled. Theſe previous meaſures being taken, the coachman declared what he knew, and diſcovered the houſe in which Sir Launcelot had been immured. He moreover accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted to ſearch the houſe of Bernard Shackle, and ſet at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found.

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a conſtable with a formidable poſſe, and embarking them in coaches, repaired, with all poſſible expedition, to the houſe of Mr. Shackle, who did not think proper to diſpute their claim, but admitted them, though not without betraying evident ſymptoms of conſternation. One of

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the ſervants directing them, by his maſter's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment; they hurried up ſtairs in a body, occaſioning ſuch a noiſe as did not fail to alarm the phyſician, who had juſt opened the door to retire, when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe conjecturing he was guilty, from the confuſion that appeared in his countenance, made no ſcruple of ſeizing him by the collar, as he endeavoured to retreat; while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of diſtant reſpect, and throwing his arms around his neck, blubbered in his boſom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He ſtrained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and aſked him by what miracle he had diſcovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various ſteps he had taken, with equal minuteneſs and ſelf-com-

placency, when Crowe, dragging the doctor ſtill by the collar, ſhook his old friend by the hand, proteſting he was never ſo overjoyed ſince he got clear of a Sallee Rover on the coaſt of Barbary; and that two glaſſes ago he would have ſtarted all the money he had in the world in the hold of any man who would have ſhewn Sir Launcelot ſafe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to this ſincere manifeſtation of good will, deſired him to diſmiſs that worthleſs fellow, meaning the doctor, who, finding himſelf releaſed, withdrew with ſome precipitation.

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked with a deliberate pace to the outward gate, which he found open, and getting into one of the coaches, was entertained by the way to his own houſe with a detail of every meaſure which had been purſued for his releaſe. In his own parlour he found Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the iſſue of Mr. Clarke's

Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and bathed the knight's hand with tears of joy; while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her miſtreſs, rouſed his heart to ſtrong emotions, and ſtimulated his mind to the immediate atchievement he had already planned. As for Crabſhaw, he was not the laſt to ſignify his ſatisfaction at his maſter's return. After having kiſſed the hem of his garment, he retired to the ſtable, where he communicated theſe tidings to his friend Gilbert, whom he ſaddled and bridled: the ſame office he performed for Bronzomarte; then putting on his ſquire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door, before which he paraded, uttering from time to time repeated ſhouts, to the no ſmall entertainment of the populace, until he received orders to houſe his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their ſtalls, reſumed his livery, and rejoined his fellow-ſervants, who were re-

ſolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their maſter's heart was not ſufficiently at eaſe to ſhare in their feſtivity. He held a conſultation with his friends in the parlour, whom he acquainted with the reaſons he had to believe Miſs Darnel was confined in the ſame houſe which had been his priſon: a circumſtance which filled them with equal pleaſure and aſtoniſhment. Dolly, in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connection with Mrs. Kawdle, at whoſe houſe ſhe propoſed to lodge, before ſhe was overtaken on the road by her uncle, this particular was now imparted to the council, and ſtruck a light which ſeemed to point out the direct way to Miſs Darnel's enlargement.

Our hero, accompanied by Mrs. Cowſlip, and Tom Clarke, ſet out immediately for the houſe of Dr. Kawdle,

Kawdle, who happened to be abroad; but his wife received them with great courteſy. She was a well-bred, ſenſible, genteel woman, and ſtrongly attached to Aurelia by the ties of affection as well as of conſanguinity. She no ſooner learned the ſituation of her couſin than ſhe expreſſed the moſt impatient concern for her being ſet at liberty; and aſſured Sir Launcelot ſhe would concur in any ſcheme he ſhould propoſe for that purpoſe. There was no room for heſitation or choice; he attended her immediately to the judge, who, upon proper application, iſſued another ſearch-warrant for Aurelia Darnel. The conſtable and his poſſe were again retained; and Sir Launcelot Greaves once more croſſed the threſhold of Mr. Bernard Shackle. Nor was the ſearch-warrant the only implement of juſtice with which he had furniſhed himſelf for this viſit. In going thither, they agreed upon the method in which they ſhould introduce themſelves gradually to Miſs Darnel, that her tender nature might

not be too much ſhocked by their ſudden appearance.

When they arrived at the houſe therefore, and produced their credentials, in conſequence of which a female attendant was directed to ſhew the lady's apartment, Mrs. Dolly firſt entered the chamber of the accomplished Aurelia, who, lifting up her eyes, ſcreamed aloud, and flew into the arms of her faithful Cowſlip. Some minutes elapſed before Dolly could make ſhift to exclaim,— "Am coom to live and daai with my beloved leady!" "Dear Dolly! (cried her miſtreſs) I cannot expreſs the pleaſure I have in ſeeing you again— Good heaven! what ſolitary hours of keen affliction have I paſſed ſince we parted!— but, tell me, how did you diſcover the place of my retreat?—— has my uncle relented?——do I owe your coming to his indulgence?"

Dolly anſwered in the negative; and by degrees gave her to underſtand that her couſin, Mrs. Kawdle, was in the next room; that lady immediately

ly appeared, and a very tender ſcene of recognition paſſed between the two relations. It was ſhe who, in the courſe of converſation, perceiving that Aurelia was perfectly compoſed, declared the happy tidings of the approaching deliverance. When the other eagerly inſiſted upon knowing to whoſe humanity and addreſs ſhe was indebted for this happy turn of fortune, her couſin declared the obligation was due to a young gentleman of Yorkſhire, called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention of that name, her face was overſpread with a crimſon glow, and her eyes beamed redoubled ſplendor.— "Couſin, (ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh) I know not what to ſay—— that gentleman,—Sir Launcelot Greaves was ſurely born——Lord bleſs me!—I tell you, couſin, he has been my guardian angel.—"

Mrs. Kawdle, who had maintained a correſpondence with her by letters, was no ſtranger to the former part of the connexion ſubſiſting between thoſe two lovers, and had always favoured

the pretenſions of our hero, without being acquainted with his perſon. She now obſerved with a ſmile, that as Aurelia eſteemed the knight her guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-deity, nature ſeemed to have intended them for each other; for ſuch ſublime ideas exalted them both above the ſphere of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intimate that he was in the houſe, impatient to pay his reſpects in perſon. At this declaration, the colour vaniſhed from her cheeks; which, however, ſoon underwent a total ſuffuſion. Her heart panted; her boſom heaved; and her gentle frame was agitated by tranſports rather violent than unpleaſing. She ſoon, however, recollected herſelf, and her native ſerenity returned; when, riſing from her ſeat, ſhe declared ſhe would ſee him in the next apartment, where he ſtood in the moſt tumultuous ſuſpence, waiting for permiſſion to approach her perſon. Here ſhe broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant white undreſs, the emblem of her

her purity, beaming forth the emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and improved with a glow of gratitude and affection. His heart was too big for utterance; he ran towards her with rapture, and, throwing himſelf at her feet, imprinted a reſpectful kiſs upon her lilly hand. "This, divine Aurelia, (cried he) is a foretaſte of that ineffable bliſs, which you was born to beſtow!——Do I then live to ſee you ſmile again? to ſee you reſtored to liberty; your mind at eaſe, and your health unimpaired!" "You have lived (ſaid ſhe) to ſee my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumulated in ſuch a manner, that a whole life ſpent in acknowledgment will ſcarce ſuffice to demonſtrate a due ſenſe of his goodneſs." "You greatly over-rate my ſervices, which have been rather the duties of common humanity, than the efforts of a generous paſſion, too noble to be thus evinced;——but let not my unſeaſonable tranſports detain you a moment longer on this deteſted ſcene——Give me leave to hand you into the coach, and commit you to

the care of this good lady, attended by this honeſt young gentleman, who is my particular friend." So ſaying, he preſented Mr. Thomas Clarke, who had the honour to ſalute the fair hand of the ever amiable Aurelia.

The ladies being ſafely coached under the eſcorte of the lawyer, Sir Launcelot aſſured them he ſhould wait on them in the evening, at the houſe of Dr. Kawdle, whither they immediately directed their courſe. Our hero, who remained with the conſtable and his gang, enquired for Mr. Bernard Shackle, upon whoſe perſon he intended to ſerve a writ of conſpiracy, over and above a proſecution for robbery, in conſequence of his having diſencumbered the knight of his money and other effects, on the firſt night of his confinement. Mr. Shackle had diſcretion enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticipate the indictment for felony, by directing one of his ſervants to reſtore the caſh and papers, which our adventurer accordingly received, before he quitted the houſe.

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In the proſecution of his ſearch after Shackle, he chanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found in diſhabille, writing at a table, with a bandage over one eye, and his head covered with a night-cap of bays. The knight, having made an apology for his intruſion, deſired to know if he could be of any ſervice to Mr. Diſtich, as he was now at liberty to uſe the little influence he had, for the relief of his fellow ſufferers.—The poet having eyed him for ſome time aſkance, "I told you, (ſaid he) your ſtay in this place would be of ſhort duration.—I have ſuſtained a ſmall diſaſter on my left eye, from the hands of a raſcally cordwainer, who pretends to believe himſelf the king of Pruſſia; and I am now in the very act of galling his majeſty with keen iambicks.—If you can help me to a roll of tobacco, and a bottle of geneva, ſo;—If you are not ſo inclined, your humble ſervant—I ſhall ſhare in the joy of your deliverance."

The knight declined gratifying him in theſe particulars, which he apprehended might be prejudicial to his health; but offered his aſſiſtance in redreſſing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment, or inconvenience. "I comprehend the full extent of your generoſity: (replied the ſatyriſt) you are willing to aſſiſt me in every thing, except the only circumſtances in which aſſiſtance is required—God b' w' ye—If you ſee Ben Bullock, tell him I wiſh he would not dedicate any more of his works to me.—Damn the fellow; he has changed his note, and begins to ſnivel.—For my part, I ſtick to my former maxim; defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death ſhould be preceded by damnation."

The knight finding him incorrigible, left him to the ſlender chance of being one day comforted by the dram-bottle; but reſolved, if poſſible, to ſet on foot an accurate inquiry into the oeconomy and tranſactions of this private inquiſition, that ample juſtice might

might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within its walls. In the afternoon, he did not fail to viſit his Aurelia; and all the proteſtations of their mutual paſſion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter, which had cauſed ſuch fatal diſquiet in his boſom; and Miſs Darnel no ſooner eyed the paper, than ſhe recollected it was a formal diſmiſſion, which ſhe had intended and directed for Mr. Sycamore. This the uncle had intercepted, and cunningly incloſed in another cover, addreſſed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now aſtoniſhed beyond meaſure to ſee the myſtery ſo eaſily unfolded. The joy that now diffuſed itſelf in the hearts of our lovers, is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; but, in order to give a ſtability to this mutual ſatisfaction, it was neceſſary that Aurelia ſhould be ſecured from the tyranny of her uncle, whoſe power of guardianſhip would not otherwiſe for ſome months expire.

Dr. Kawdle and his lady having en-

entered into their deliberations on this ſubject, it was agreed that Miſs Darnel ſhould have recourſe to the protection of the lord-chancellor: but ſuch application was rendered unneceſſary by the unexpected arrival of John Clump with the following letter to Mrs. Kawdle from the ſteward of Anthony Darnel, dated at Aurelia's houſe in the country. "Madam, it hath pleaſed God to afflict Mr. Darnel with a ſevere ſtroke of the dead palſy.—He was taken yeſterday, and now lies inſenſible, ſeemingly at the point of death. Among the papers in his pocket, I found the incloſed, by which it appears that my honoured young lady Miſs Darnel is confined in a private mad-houſe. I am afraid Mr. Darnel's fate is a juſt judgment of God upon him for his cruelty to that excellent perſon. I need not exhort you, madam, to take, immediately upon the receipt of this, ſuch meaſures as will be neceſſary for the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the mean time, I ſhall do the needful

ful for the preſervation of her property in this place, and ſend you an account of any further alteration that may happen; being very reſpectfully, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, Ralph Mattocks."

Clump had poſted up to London with this intimation, on the wings of love, and being covered with clay from the heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in ſuch an unfavourable light at Dr. Kawdle's door, that the footman refuſed him admittance. Nevertheleſs, he puſhed him aſide, and fought his way up-ſtairs into the dining-room, where the company was not a little aſtoniſhed at ſuch an apparition. The fellow himſelf was no leſs amazed at ſeeing Aurelia, and his own ſweetheart Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip. He forthwith fell upon his knees, and, in ſilence, held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and preſented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individ-

dividuals who compoſed this little ſociety. Mr. Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition; beſtowed upon him an handſome gratuity in the mean time, and deſired to ſee him again when he ſhould be properly refreſhed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr. Thomas Clarke being conſulted on this occaſion, gave it as his opinion, that Miſs Darnel ſhould without delay, chooſe another guardian for the few months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of ſome eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourſe was had; and Dr. Kawdle, being the perſon pitched upon for this office, the neceſſary forms were executed with all poſſible diſpatch. The firſt uſe the doctor made of his guardianſhip was to ſign a power, conſtituting Mr. Ralph Mattocks his attorney *pro tempore*, for managing the eſtate of Miſs Aurelia Darnel; and this was forwarded to the ſteward by the

the hands of Clump, who ſet out with it for the ſeat of Darnel-hill, though not without a heavy heart, occaſioned by ſome intimation he had received, concerning the connexion between his dear Dolly, and Mr. Clarke the lawyer.

CHAPTER the laſt.

Which, it is to be hoped, will be, on more accounts than one, agreeable to the reader.

SIR Launcelot having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the ſafety, and ſecured the heart of his charming Aurelia, now found leiſure to unravel the conſpiracy which had been executed againſt his perſon; and with that view commenced a law-ſuit againſt the owner of the houſe where he and his miſtreſs had been ſeparately confined. Mr. Shackle was, notwithſtanding all the ſubmiſſions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in public, indicted on the ſtatute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, puniſhed by a ſevere fine, and

and ſtanding in the pillory. A judicial writ *ad inquirendum* being executed, the priſons of his inquiſition were laid open, and ſeveral innocent captives enlarged.

In the courſe of Shackle's trial, it appeared that the knight's confinement was a ſcheme executed by his rival Mr. Sycamore, according to the device of his counſellor Dawdle, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himſelf to his patron, after having deſerted him in the day of battle. Our hero was ſo incenſed at the diſcovery of Sycamore's treachery and ingratitude, that he went in queſt of him immediately, to take vengeance on his perſon, accompanied by captain Crowe, who wanted to ballance accounts with Mr. Dawdle. But thoſe gentlemen had wiſely avoided the impending ſtorm, by retiring to the continent, on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now ſo much of a knight-errant, as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and purſue

ſue the traitors to the fartheſt extremities of the earth. He practiſed a much more eaſy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by inſtituting a proceſs againſt them, which, after writs of *capias*, *alias*, & *pluries*, had been repeated, ſubjected them both to outlawry. Mr. Sycamore and his friend being thus deprived of the benefit of the law, by their own neglect, would likewiſe have forfeited their goods and chattels to the king, had not they made ſuch ſubmiſſions as appeaſed the wrath of Sir Launcelot and captain Crowe; then they ventured to return, and by dint of intereſt obtained a reverſal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy, till long after our adventurer was happily eſtabliſhed in life.

While the knight waited impatiently for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and, in the mean time, conſoled himſelf with the imperfect happineſs ariſing from her converſation, and thoſe indulgences which the moſt unblemiſhed virtue could beſtow;

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captain Crowe projected another plan of vengeance againſt the conjurer, whoſe lying oracles had coſt him ſuch a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleneſs, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in uſe. He imparted his deſign to Crabſhaw, who had likewiſe ſuffered in ſpirit from the predictions of the ſaid offender, and was extremely well diſpoſed to aſſiſt in puniſhing the falſe prophet. He now took it for granted that he ſhould not be hanged for ſtealing a horſe; and thought it very hard to pay ſo much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by theſe motives, they ſet out together for the houſe of conſultation; but they found it ſhut up and abandoned, and, upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjurer had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourſe to his art. This was actually the caſe: he knew the fate of Sir Launce-

Launcelot would ſoon come to light, and he did not chuſe to wait the conſequence. He had other motives for decamping. He had run a ſcore at the public-houſe, which he had no mind to diſcharge, and wanted to diſengage himſelf from his female aſſociate, who knew too much of his affairs, to be kept at a proper diſtance. All theſe purpoſes he had anſwered, by retreating ſoftly, without beat of drum, while his Sybil was abroad running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his meaſures ſo cunningly, but that this old hag diſcovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly; and the bailiff had juſt ſecured his perſon as Capt. Crowe and Timothy Crabſhaw chanced to paſs by the door in their way homewards, through an obſcure ſtreet near the Seven Dials.

The conjurer having no ſubterfuge left, but a great many particular reaſons for avoiding an explanation with the

the juſtice, like the man between the devil and the deep ſea, of two evils choſe the leaſt; and beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addreſſed, replied with a "Hilloah!" and looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognized the negromancer. Without farther heſitation he ſprang acroſs the ſtreet, and collaring Albumazar, exclaimed, "Aha! old boy; is the wind in that corner?—— I thought we ſhould grapple one day——now will I bring you up by the head, tho' all the devils in hell were blowing abaft the beam."

The bailiff ſeeing his priſoner ſo roughly handled before, and at the ſame time aſſaulted behind by Crabſhaw, who cried, "Shew me a liar, and I'll ſhew you a thief——who is to be hanged now?"—I ſay, the bailiff, fearing he ſhould loſe the benefit of his job, began to put on his contentious face, and, declaring the doctor was his priſoner, ſwore he could not ſurrender him without a warrant from

the lord chief juſtice. The whole groupe adjourning into the parlour, the conjurer deſired to know of Crowe, whether Sir Launcelot was found? being anſwered, "Ey, ey, ſafe enough to ſee you made faſt in the bilboes, brother;" he told the captain he had ſomething of conſequence to communicate for his advantage; and propoſed that Crowe and Crabſhaw ſhould bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe ſtormed, and Crabſhaw grinned at this modeſt propoſal: but when they underſtood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they needed not part with him until his body ſhould be ſurrendered unto juſtice, they conſented to give bail; and the bond being executed, conveyed him directly to the houſe of our adventurer. The boiſterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with ſuch an abrupt unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not underſtand without Timothy's annotations. Theſe were

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followed by ſome queſtions put to the conjurer, who laying aſide his black gown, and plucking off his white beard, exhibited to the aſtoniſhed ſpectators the very individual countenance of the empyrical politician Ferret, who had played our hero ſuch a ſlippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

"I perceive (ſaid he) you are preparing to expoſtulate, and upbraid me for having given a falſe information againſt you to the country juſtice. I look upon mankind to be in a ſtate of nature, a truth which Hobbes hath ſtumbled upon by accident: I think every man has a right to avail himſelf of his talents, even at the expence of his fellow-creatures; juſt as we ſee the fiſh, and other animals of the creation devouring one another.—I found the juſtice but one degree removed from ideotiſm, and knowing that he would commit ſome blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the inſtrument of my eſcape

eſcape—I was diſmiſſed without being obliged to ſign the information I had given; and you took ample vengeance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumſtances obliged me to live in diſguiſe. In the character of a conjurer, I was conſulted by your follower Crowe, and your 'ſquire Crabſhaw. I did little or nothing but ecchо back the intelligence they brought me, except prognoſticating that Crabſhaw would be hanged; a prediction to which I found myſelf ſo irreſiſtibly impelled, that I am perſuaded it was the real effect of inſpiration——I am now arreſted for a paultry ſum of money, and, moreover, liable to be ſent to Bridewell as an impoſtor—let thoſe anſwer for my conduct whoſe cruelty and inſolence have driven me to the neceſſity of uſing ſuch ſubterfuges—I have been oppreſſed and perſecuted by the government for ſpeaking truth—your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions. That which is acknowledged to be truth in fact, is

conſtrued falſhood in law; and great reaſon we have to boaſt of a conſtitution founded on the baſis of abſurdity——But, waving theſe remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either impriſoned for debt, or puniſhed for impoſture—I know how far to depend upon generoſity, and what is called benevolence; words to amuſe the weak-minded—I build upon a ſurer bottom—I will bargain for your aſſiſtance—it is in my power to put twelve thouſand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that there ſea-ruffian, who by his good will would hang me to the yard's arm—"

There he was interrupted by the ſeaman. "Damn your rat's eyes! none of your—hang thee! fiſh my topmaſts! if the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle ſound, d'ye ſee——" Mr. Clarke, who was preſent, began to ſtare; while the knight aſſured Ferret, that if he was really able and willing to ſerve captain Crowe in any thing eſſential, he ſhould be amply rewarded. In the mean time, he diſcharged

charged the debt, and aſſigned him an apartment in his own houſe. That ſame day Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the Cynic, to allow him the intereſt of fifteen hundred pounds for life; provided, by his means, the captain ſhould obtain poſſeſſion of the eſtate of Hobby-hole in Yorkſhire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir of blood.

This bond being executed, Mr. Ferret diſcovered that he himſelf was the lawful huſband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandeſtine marriage; which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence. This being the caſe, ſhe, the ſaid Bridget Maple, alias Ferret, was a *covert femme*, conſequently could not tranſact any deed of alienation without his concurrence; ergo, the docking of the intail of the eſtate of Hobby-hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the

whole company, who did not fail to congratulate captain Crowe on the proſpect of his being reſtored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke, in particular, proteſted, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unſpeakable joy; and his tears trickled the faſter, when Crowe with an arch look ſignified, that now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had ſome thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happineſs to which, as the north pole, the courſe of theſe adventures hath been invariably directed, was ſtill unattained; we mean, the indiſſoluble union of the accompliſhed Sir Launcelot Greaves and the enchanting Miſs Darnel. Our hero now diſcovered in his miſtreſs a thouſand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good ſenſe, and her virtue ſuperior to both. He found her untainted by that giddineſs, vanity, and affectation, which diſtinguiſh the faſhionable females of the

the preſent age. He found her uninfected by the rage for diverſion and diſſipation; for noiſe, tumult, gewgaws, glitter, and extravagance. He found her not only raiſed by underſtanding and taſte far above the amuſements of little vulgar minds; but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, ſo as to reliſh the more ſublime enjoyments of rational pleaſure. He found her poſſeſſed of that vigour of mind which conſtitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reaſon. He found her heart incapable of diſguiſe or diſſimulation; frank, generous, and open; ſuſceptible of the moſt tender impreſſions; glowing with a keen ſenſe of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth of his ſenſibility could not fail of being deeply affected by ſuch attractions. The nearer he approached the center of happineſs, the more did the velocity of his paſſion increaſe. Her uncle ſtill remained inſenſible, as it were, in the arms of death. Time ſeemed to linger in

its lapſe, 'till the knight was inflamed to the moſt eager degree of impatience. He communicated his diſtreſs to Aurelia; he preſſed her with the moſt pathetic remonſtrances to abridge the torture of his ſuſpence. He intereſted Mrs. Kawdle in his behalf; and, at length, his importunity ſucceeded. The banns of marriage were regularly publiſhed, and the ceremony was performed in the pariſh church, in the preſence of Dr. Kawdle and his lady, captain Crowe, lawyer Clarke, and Mrs. Dolly Cowſlip.

The bride, inſtead of being diſguiſed in tawdry ſtuffs of gold or ſilver, and ſweating under a harneſs of diamonds, according to the elegant taſte of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue ſattin, without any other jewels than her eyes, which far outſhone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a ſmall ſprig of artificial roſes; but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her ſhape, the ſweetneſs and ſenſibility of her

her countenance, added to ſuch warmth of colouring, and ſuch exquiſite ſymmetry of features, as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot, was ſuch a rapture as we cannot pretend to deſcribe. He made his appearance on this occaſion, in a white coat and blue ſattin veſt, both embroidered with ſilver; and all who ſaw him could not but own that he alone ſeemed worthy to poſſeſs the lady whom heaven had deſtined for his conſort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue ſuit of cloaths ſtrongly guarded with bars of bread gold lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend: he wore upon his head a bag-wig *a la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping; and to his ſide he had girded a huge plate-hilted ſword, which he had bought of a recruiting ſerjeant. Mr. Clarke was dreſſed in pompadour, with gold buttons, and his lovely Dolly in a ſmart

checked luteſtring, a preſent from her miſtreſs.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the houſe of Dr. Kawdle, and here it was that the two moſt deſerving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the conſummation of all earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs. Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage-bed: our hero glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the huſband's privilege: Hymen lighted up his brighteſt torch at virtue's lamp, and every ſtar ſhed its happieſt influence on their heaven-directed union. Inſtructions had been already diſpatched to prepare Greaveſbury-hall for the reception of its new miſtreſs; and for that place the new-married couple ſet out next morning, according to the plan which had been previouſly concerted. Sir Launcelot and lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs. Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach drawn by ſix dappled

pled horſes. Dr. Kawdle, with captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's poſt-chariot, provided with four bays: Mr. Clark had the honour to beſtride the loins of Bronzomarte: Mr. Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter: Crabſhaw ſtuck cloſe to his friend Gilbert; and two other horſemen completed the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot deſires and chilling ſcruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to diſtraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly intereſt, were continually raiſing up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was ſtartled at the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican; and he moreover dreaded the reſentment of his uncle Crowe, ſhould he take any ſtep of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wiſhful look did he caſt at Dolly, the tears ſtanding in his eyes; and many a woeful ſigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the ſituation of his heart, and, by queſtioning Mrs. Cowſlip, diſcovered a mutual paſſion between theſe lovers. She conſulted her dear knight on the ſubject; and he catechiſed the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being ſounded, as to his opinion, declared he would be ſteered in that as well as every other courſe of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he verily revered as beings of an order ſuperior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable reſponſe being obtained from the ſailor, our hero took an opportunity on the road, one day after dinner, in preſence of the whole company, to accoſt the lawyer in theſe words: "My good friend Clarke, I have your happineſs very much at heart——your father was an honeſt man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have had theſe many years a perſonal regard for yourſelf, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodneſs of diſpoſition— I ſee you are affected, and

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ſhall be brief——Beſides this regard, I am indebted to your friendſhip for the liberty——what ſhall I ſay?—— for the ineſtimable happineſs I now enjoy, in poſſeſſing the moſt excellent——But I underſtand that ſignificant glance of my Aurelia——I will not offend her delicacy——The truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I ſhould evince my gratitude—— If the ſtewardſhip of my eſtate is worth your acceptance, you ſhall have it immediately, together with the houſe and farm of Cockerton in my neighbourhood. I know you have a paſſion for Mrs. Dolly; and believe ſhe looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepoſſeſſion—— don't bluſh Dolly,—— beſides your agreeable perſon, which all the world muſt approve, you can boaſt of virtue, fidelity, and friendſhip. Your attachment to lady Greaves neither ſhe or I ſhall ever forget——if you are willing to unite your fate with Mr. Clarke, your miſtreſs gives me leave to aſſure you ſhe will ſtock the farm at her own expence; and we will celebrate

lebrate the wedding at Greaveſbury-hall—"

By this time the hearts of theſe grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was ſitting on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears; and Mr. Clarke appeared in the ſame attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almoſt as much affected as the nephew, by the generoſity of our adventurer, cried aloud, "I pray God that you and your glorious conſort may have ſmooth ſeas and gentle gales whitherſoever you are bound——as for my kinſman Tom, I'll give him a thouſand pounds, to ſet him fairly afloat; and if he prove not a faithful tender to you his benefactor, I hope he will founder in this world, and be damned in that which is to come." Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happineſs, but the conſent of Dolly's mother, at the Black Lyon, who they did not ſuppoſe could have any objection to ſuch an advantageous match for her daughter: but in this particular they were miſtaken.

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In the mean time, they arrived at the village where the knight had exerciſed the duties of chivalry; and there he received the gratulation of Mr. Fillet, and the attorney who had offered to bail him before juſtice Gobble. Mutual civilities having paſſed, they gave him to uuderſtand, that Gobble and his wife were turned methodiſts. All the reſt of the priſoners whom he had delivered came to teſtify their gratitude, and were hoſpitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lyon, where the good woman was overjoyed to ſee Dolly ſo happily preferred: but when Sir Launcelot unfolded the propoſed marriage, ſhe interrupted him with a ſcream. "Chriſt Jeſus forbid—marry and amen! match with her own brother!"

At this exclamation Dolly fainted: her lover ſtood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open; Crowe ſtared; while the knight and his lady expreſſed equal ſurprize and concern. When Sir Launcelot intreated Mrs. Cowſlip

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to explain this myſtery, ſhe told him that about ſixteen years ago, Mr. Clarke ſenior had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her houſe, when ſhe and her late huſband lived in another part of the country; and as ſhe had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her as nurſe to the little foundling. He owned ſhe was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handſomely for the board of Dolly, who he deſired might paſs for her own daughter. In his laſt illneſs, he aſſured her he had taken care to provide for the child; but ſince his death ſhe had received no account of any ſuch proviſion. She, moreover, informed his honour, that Mr. Clarke had depoſited in her hands a diamond ring and a ſealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly ſhould be demanded in marriage by the man ſhe ſhould like; and not then, except in preſence of the clergyman of the pariſh. "Send for the clergyman this inſtant, (cried our hero, reddening, and

and fixing his eyes on Dolly) I hope all will yet be well."

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the caſe, the landlady produced the paper; which being opened, appeared to be an authentic certificate, that the perſon, commonly known by the name of Dorothy Cowſlip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, eſq; by a young gentlewoman who had been ſome years deceaſed.—

"The remaining part of the myſtery I myſelf can unfold—(exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the aſtoniſhed Dolly, as his kinſwoman.) Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age; ſo that he could make no ſettlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour founded on a promiſe of marriage, of which this ring was a token. Mr. Clarke, being his confident, diſpoſed of the child, and at length finding his conſtitution decay, revealed the ſecret to my father, who,

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in his will, bequeathed one hundred pounds a year to this agreeable foundling: but as they both died while I was abroad, and ſome of the memorandums touching this tranſaction probably were miſlaid, I never till now could diſcover where or how my pretty couſin was ſituated. I ſhall recompence the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleaſure in bringing this affair to a happy iſſue."

The lovers were now overwhelmed with tranſports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with ſatisfaction. From this place to the habitation of Sir Launcelot the bells were rung in every pariſh, and the corporation in their formalities congratulated him in every town through which he paſſed. About five miles from Greaveſbury-hall he was met by above five thouſand perſons of both ſexes and every age, dreſſed out in their gayeſt apparel, headed by Mr. Ralph Mattox from Darnel-hill, and the rector from the

the knight's own pariſh. They were preceded by muſic of different kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and enſigns; and the women, aswell sa the men, bedizened with fancy-knots and marriage-favours. At the end of the avenue, a ſelect bevy of comely virgins arrayed in white, and a ſeparate band of choice youths, diſtinguiſhed by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the proceſſion, and ſung in chorus a ruſtic epithalamium compoſed by the curate. At the gate they were received by the venerable houſe-keeper Mrs. Oakley, whoſe features were ſo brightened by the occaſion, that with the firſt glance ſhe made a conqueſt of the heart of captain Crowe; and this connexion was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction.

Mean while the houſes of Greaveſbury-hall and Darnel-hill were ſet open for the entertainment of all comers, and both ecchoed with the ſounds of feſtivity. After the ceremony of giving and receiving viſits had

had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miſs Dolly Greaves; and the captain was put in poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate. The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing conſort, diffuſed itſelf through the whole adjacent country, as far as their example and influence could extend. They were admired, eſteemed, and applauded by every perſon of taſte, ſentiment, and benevolence; at the ſame time beloved, revered, and almoſt adored by the commom people, among whom they ſuffered not the mercileſs hand of indigence or miſery to ſeize one ſingle ſacrifice.

Ferret, at firſt, ſeemed to enjoy his eaſy circumſtances; but the novelty of this ſituation ſoon wore off, and all his miſanthropy returned. He could not bear to ſee his fellow-creatures happy around him; and ſignified his diſguſt to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropo-

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lis, where he knew there would be always food ſufficient for the ravenous appetite of his ſpleen. Before he departed, the knight made him partake of his bounty, though he could not make him taſte of his happineſs, which ſoon received a conſiderable addition in the birth of a ſon, deſtined to be the heir and repreſentative of two worthy families, whoſe mutual animoſity the union of his parents had ſo happily extinguiſhed.

FINIS.